



THE ACADEMY

A WEEKLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART

No. 1841

AUGUST 17, 1907

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ARTHUR W RUCKER,

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University of London,
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THE LITERARY WEEK

WE congratulate Dr. Zamenhof and the Esperantists on the occasion of their congress at Cambridge. As he and many of his adherents have pointed out, their object is to promote intercourse between persons and nations speaking different languages. This is highly laudable. To attempt to substitute a mechanical contrivance such as Esperanto for any natural mode of expressing ideas would, of course, be ridiculous and ineffectual; but this is not Dr. Zamenhof's aim. We see no cause for the mirth of our contemporary, the *Daily Telegraph*, concerning the use of the letter N to indicate in Esperanto what the grammarians call the accusative case. It endeavours to prove some absurdity in the rule by adding the letter N to English words. It might, with equal wit, object to telegraphy by asking how we should like to hear ticking substituted for words in an English sentence. If it does not understand that Esperanto rules apply to Esperanto words and no others, it is a pity that it attempts to elucidate the subject. From the Esperanto point of view much more is to be said in favour of an accusative termination in nouns than against one. There is no need for one in English, perhaps, because the order of the words shows the meaning. But Esperanto does not pretend to follow the order of English, and as it simplifies verbs by omitting any indication of number and person, there is good reason for distinguishing the accusative from the nominative. In the case of pronouns this is done in all European languages, including English. In Spanish, the clearest and most logical Latin language, it is also done in the case of nouns where ambiguity is likely to arise.

It is much more amusing that a newspaper, which owes half its title to Greek, its funds to Palestine, and its well-known euphuism also to the "Orient," should display its exaggerated nationalism by betraying jealousy lest Esperanto should supplant English as a medium of international communication. On similar grounds, our contemporary might more reasonably object to translation of the Old Testament, which has undoubtedly discouraged the general study of Hebrew. The fact that the Anglo-Saxon race is, or has been, exceedingly prolific, is no criterion that English is likely to become a universal language, at any rate in its present form. The changes which it has already undergone in the parlance of English Colonials points rather to its disintegration, than to its adoption by other races equal or superior to it in civilisation. Not only are the vowel sounds in English more

numerous, but they are more indeterminately represented in writing, than in any other European language. The extreme vagueness also of which it is capable does not incline foreigners to use it in negotiations with those to whom it is native.

The *Daily Mail* states opportunely that only one of the English names of the nine numerals, namely "one" can be both spoken and heard intelligibly through the telephone. If our contemporary's statement is correct, that the word "four" is continually mistaken for "five," and "six" for "seven," in the middle of London, is it likely that words apparently so irritatingly ambiguous, on the tongue and to the ears of Englishmen, will be readily adopted by foreigners? The name of one cipher has already been changed by general consent, to O, and our contemporary informs us, that the National Telephone Company is about to ask us to pronounce "nine" *short*, in order to distinguish it from "five." If the Company, instead of "asking its operators to observe" such rules in their pronunciation, were to dismiss all their deaf, and their dumb operators, as well as those who may be both, it might then be discovered, whether the general population of London really is unable to pronounce and hear differently words, which have at most but one consonant in common. To people who cannot both hear and pronounce the difference between "five" and "nine," not only Esperanto but any language is useless. If English is already spoken as generally as the *Daily Telegraph* wishes us to believe, recent Consular Reports err with remarkable unanimity. One of the causes to which the Reports are constantly attributing the decline of British trade is the slowness of British traders in printing their prospectuses in any language but their own.

We should, of course, wish it to be most distinctly understood that any idea of substituting Esperanto for any other language is as far from our minds as we believe it to be from the minds of those who have invented it. It is necessary to lay great emphasis on this point, as a great many people seem to be under the impression that Esperanto is seriously proposed as an alternative to any given language. The idea of expressing anything in literature or even in ordinary human intercourse by Esperanto rather than in any living tongue (or any dead tongue, for that matter) is unthinkable. We advocate its use solely as a means of intercourse between those who are unable to communicate by any other existing means, just as we should advocate signalling by means of gestures in the case of two people who were too far away from each other to be able to make their voices carry. The inventor of the telegraphic code did not propose that it should supersede the language of the written word. Esperanto is a code, not a language.

Out of the mass of technical or merely faddish papers presented last week to the Congress on School Hygiene one stands eminent—that of Dr. Luther H. Gulick on folk-dancing. America, or New York, has, it appears, one sensible and even beautiful idea: the school-children there are taught to dance. And since no one can tell what nationality these "American" children belong to (Mr. William Archer was once moved to sentimental tears at the spectacle of children who had been "Americans" for perhaps three days waving stars-and-stripes and chanting "Hail, Columbia" or something of the sort), they are taught the dances of all nations—at any rate such of them as are not too flagrantly "improper" for the modest "Anglo-Saxon" mind. At any rate, they are taught, not to drill, but to dance. That means that they learn—to some extent—the only means of expression which is universal, the art which is rooted deeper down in human nature than any other.

Why should not we go a step further and teach our children not only to dance, but to gesticulate? In England no one gesticulates except the lower classes; and whoever has watched a workman gesticulate will notice that his vocabulary of gesture is as limited as his vocabulary of adjectives. And so our speech loses half its significance, and three-quarters of its subtlety. We trust principally to inflexion—and thus “good form” or “the public school ideal” as understood by those who have been to grammar schools or “colleges” of fifty years’ standing, steps in to forbid inflexion as something “vulgar” or “emotional.” Our speech is flat; coarse, heavy. A little gesture—only the rudiments of the subtle art which is thoroughly understood by the “emotional” French and Italians, would furnish us with a whole armoury of new weapons of attack or defence, a whole gardenful of beauties of speech, and several dictionaries—full of new words.

It seems that the *Freethinker* is a good deal annoyed by an article on “The World to Come,” which appeared in these columns a few weeks ago. The *Freethinker* appears to resent the expressions “gibbering ignoramuses” and “impudent blockheads” as unchristian and uncharitable, as contrary to the spirit of “the religion of love.” Who was it who spoke of certain people as “hypocrites” and as a “generation of vipers”? No doubt the Pharisees thought that they were being very uncharitably treated. Again, “the apostle of love” has the following list in one of his works:

For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

Mr. Machen, the author of the article complained of, can, doubtless, look after himself, and we have no wish to infringe on any of the phrases that he has patented. But, really, how are we to name people who say that it is “unchristian” to call freethinkers “gibbering ignoramuses”—if we do not name them “gibbering ignoramuses”? We could say, of course, that they are persons who persist in speaking with incoherent fluency on subjects as to which they are very imperfectly informed—but that is such a lengthy sentence. How odd it is, by the way, that certain classes of men are so horribly averse from being called by their right names. One can imagine a party of American millionaires quite put out if somebody told them that they were “thieves and scoundrels,” and no doubt in a certain section of Edinburgh society a good many years ago the words “Bodysnatcher” and “murderer” were regarded as being in quite infamous taste. One gets a hint of this odd dislike in Shakespeare, where Pistol corrects Nym for mentioning the verb “to steal.”

Convey, the wise it call. “Steal?” foh! a fico for the phrase.

Mr. Laurence Binyon has modestly disclaimed any historical accuracy for his new play *Attila*, which is to be produced at His Majesty's Theatre early next month. He might have as appropriately disclaimed American humour. Only foolish people want historical accuracy in plays. We are convinced that Mr. Binyon will give us something much better and more to the point—poetry and drama. The more urgent question is: What is Mr. Ricketts going to do with the scenery? We devoutly hope, to begin with, that he has not wasted his energy on discovering exactly the number of buttons which Etzel would have had on his night-rail (if any) or the precise shape of his tooth-pick. “What song the Sirens sang” is of more importance. Was it not old John Kemble who when asked why he did not give his Roman soldiers Roman helmets, replied that “he was not an antiquary but an actor?”

Old John Kemble was a wiser man than the advocate of Roman helmets. Our stage has fallen under the curse of realism. Its work is all on a level with Sir Alma Tadema's great new picture, and we have forgotten that the two requisites of the scene are beauty and suggestion—not accuracy and complete statement. Mr. Ricketts, of course, will not have forgotten this; but the moment is of great interest. It is the first time that he has really come face to face with the “great public” that is supposed to dominate the theatre. We may take it for granted that, the appeal being not now to an audience fit though few, as at the Court Theatre or the productions of the Literary Theatre Society, he will find himself hampered by all sorts of considerations inseparable from commercial theatrical enterprise. What will he do? It is absurd to be anxious. He will show, of course, the utmost that can be done under present conditions to achieve beauty and suggestion.

People are always talking nonsense about miracles—much of it nonsense of a sort that might warrant what Mr. Sampson Brass called “a pretty little commission *de lunatico* at the Gray Inn's Inn Coffee House.” “I have never seen the Alps,” says the “man in the street.” “I have lived in Great College Street all my days and I have never seen anything remotely resembling an Alp. So I don't believe there are any Alps.” And there is a worse stage still. The lad from Australia, who was shown Westminster Abbey, merely observed: “You should see the first Presbyterian Church at Ballarat!” For this sort of thing there is no treatment—except perhaps American electrocution. But the other people should go to Switzerland; they would find plenty of quite tremendous peaks there.

In the same way the persons who “don't believe” in miracles have perhaps never ascended into the spiritual regions where, and where alone, miracle is possible. Only the other day, a cautious journalist, latent in a tavern, heard a lady profess her opinion, her conviction that all poetry was drivel—“give her prose.” We should rather say give her the gag, give her the branks, give her and the imbeciles for whom she spoke a permanent sleeping draught: still, that is a matter of administration. The point is that the lady in question had never ascended into the regions where, and where alone, poetry is seen to be the great miracle of sense and soul and spirit, the high sacrament of the mind. For miracles are not only of religion; perhaps the readers of the *ACADEMY* may have forgotten the strange adventure of the great John Sebastian Bach. The story was told by Bach himself, and is, therefore, we may be assured, substantially true.

Bach was a very young man at the time, his chief object then was to hear a great organist of Hamburg named Reinken. He was very poor, and on one of these journeys, returning home he found himself destitute, and yet far from Luneburg. So he sat down on a bench outside an inn, and tried to dine on the smell of the cooking. Suddenly, a window was thrown open above, and a couple of herrings' heads fell at his feet. He picked them up, and discovered in each a piece of money! He could not find out who his benefactor had been; but he made a good use of the gift, for he immediately tramped back to Luneburg to hear Reinken once more. However it happened, it was a miracle; but Bach was dwelling in the regions of the miracle. One does not suppose that gold in a herring's head ever fell at the feet of Goss or Stainer or Barnby, or of any [of the rubbishy composers on whom the beautiful choir of St. Paul's Cathedral is wasted day after day, and Sunday after Sunday.

THE WINGS OF FORTUNE

FAIR fortune you are wild and coy,
 Fickle, mysterious, and shy . . .
 And so we lost you, Love and I!
 And now, at last, because we find
 Your golden footprints, Love the boy,
 Dreams you are near . . . but Love is blind!
 Yet, surely sorrow's arms unwind
 From this tired heart, and dark distress
 Fades softly . . . softly from the world:
 And in Hope's silver sky unfurled,
 I see the banners of delight!
 And the grey heaven of life grows bright
 With the red dawn of happiness . . .
 As with a laughing look Love flings
 His heavy crown of thorns away . . .
 Fair fortune, you are wild and coy,
 And ah! I fear you will not stay.
 But Love has caught you by the wings . . .
 And radiant as Eurydice
 By her brave poet's song set free,
 I rush into the arms of Joy!

OLIVE DOUGLAS.

THE REMEMBRANCE OF THE BARD

IN the darkness of old age let not my memory fail:
 Let me not forget to celebrate the beloved land of Gwent.
 If they imprison me in a deep place, in a house of
 pestilence,
 Still shall I be free, remembering the sunshine upon
 Mynydd Maen.
 There have I listened to the song of the lark, my soul has
 ascended with the song of the little bird:
 The great white clouds were the ships of my spirit, sailing
 to the heaven of the Almighty.
 Equally to be held in honour is the site of the Great
 Mountain.
 Adorned with the gushing of many waters—sweet is the
 shade of its hazel thickets.
 There a treasure is preserved which I will not celebrate;
 It is glorious, and deeply concealed.
 If Teils should return, if happiness were restored to the
 Cymri,
 Dewi and Dyfrig should serve his Mass; then a great
 marvel would be made visible.
 O blessed and miraculous work! then should my bliss be
 as the joy of angels.
 I had rather behold this offering than kiss the twin lips
 of dark Gwenllian.
 Dear my land of Gwent: *O quam dilecta tabernacula.*
 Thy rivers are like precious golden streams of Paradise,
 thy hills are as the Mount Syon.
 Better a grave on Twyn Barlwm than a throne in the
 palace of the Saxons at Caer-Ludd.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

LITERATURE

A NONSENSE BOOK

The Awakening of a Race. By G. E. BOXALL. (Unwin, 7s. 6d. net.)

It is not often that we have to deal with a book like this, the latest of Mr. Boxall's effusions. The simplest method of dealing with it—and perhaps the best—would be to put it at the back of the fire. But as it is not only foolish but also dangerous to readers of the same intellectual calibre as the author, the only honest course is to review it rather thoroughly, though we doubt whether the attention will rouse any gratitude in Mr. Boxall.

For he does not like reviewers: indeed he regards them with a fine contempt, which was exactly what we should have expected of him, seeing that "The Anglo-Saxon" met with the reception it deserved. And he now goes to the trouble of expending some three pages in emphasising his scorn for his critics. Speaking of the reviews of "The Anglo-Saxon" he says:

The *Scotsman*, the *Literary World*, and other high-class papers could see nothing in the book that was not ridiculous, and generally the notices tend to show how grossly ignorant the literary experts are of the theory of evolution . . . Even in the most favourable reviews there is a note of antagonism which I attribute to educational influence.

And rightly! Mr. Boxall can evidently afford to dispense with educational influence—even with education! This will account for his impartial point of view. It is so simple. Those who refuse to accept his views are ignorant. Therefore reviewers who "slate" him are unworthy of notice. Hence these pages of scorn:

Perhaps, unless a radical change is made in the curricula of the schools, the time will come when a display of academic honours will be regarded as tantamount to an indication that the possessor of these titles is generally ignorant of modern science, and therefore unworthy of notice.

And once more:

These trained writing experts know very little of any branch of science except philology.

Having been put in our proper place, we may proceed to "betray our ignorance" in the "ludicrous manner" to which Mr. Boxall has not yet, as it would seem, become hardened by use. Mr. Boxall is apparently inspired by the desire to show that Christianity is worn out as a religion for the "democratic Goth," whoever he may be. And to that end he seeks to show that it is essentially the religion of the "Melanochroi," by which term he seems to imply the Mediterranean race.

But he seems dissatisfied with this term and its opposite. "Xanthochroi" is not short enough nor sufficiently easy to remember (perhaps that is why he uses the word as singular and plural, substantive and adjective indifferently). So he prefers to call the fair-haired races "Goths." By the way, he derives the name Teuton from "Titan," and it would not appear that he has ever heard of the Gutones. We cannot discover that "Gothi" is older than Ausonius, so that the following remarkable passage is scarcely justified, even if, on another score, we leave Spanish history out of account.

The term Teuton has been specially applied to the German or Deutsches section of the family. It has been accepted more or less by Anglo-Saxon writers, but it is doubtful whether the French or Slav sections of the family would receive it with similar complacency. . . . The people in early times appear to have called themselves "Goths," a term which has only been retained by a section of the Scandinavian branch of the family, and except as a name for a school [sic] of architecture is almost unheard of elsewhere.

This is a mild specimen of the loose use of words and phrases in which Mr. Boxall revels. His chapter "Pseudo-Science" would arouse anger if it were worth it. The author prattles of the "Aryan heresy," and proceeds to

give lessons in ethnology to Professor Frazer, Mr. Lang and Dr. von Ihering.

The Japanese race seems to have been the only new race which has appeared in modern times, and the assumption that this race was due to a settlement of a portion of the followers of Gengis Khan, who were left behind in the islands, has at present no evidence in its support.

What are Mr. Boxall's sources for Japanese history? Can he give an approximate date for the "Heroic Age" of Japan?

A section on p. 39 entitled "Special pleading" is no more and no less than impudent balderdash. Because he can see no national differentiation between Englishmen and Americans or Australians, this egregious individual not only refuses to believe that Greeks and Germans may be derived from a single primæval stock—not that it matters what he chooses to believe or disbelieve—but he concludes his paragraph with a sentence paralysing in its self-sufficiency.

Von Ihering goes on to say "the five great nations—the Greeks, Italians, Celts, Teutons and Slavs have outstripped the Indian and Iranian nations in civilisation owing to their different surroundings." Thus he admits a difference. He is in fact nothing but a special pleader, and the heresy is as childish and absurd as can well be imagined; the evidence is flimsy throughout, and, as I have said, much of what he advances tends to support the arguments I have used to prove the racial difference between the Latin and the Anglo-Saxon.

Mr. Boxall concludes his chapter with the following delightful exhibition:

The founders of Christianity were troubled with the Aryan [sic] heresy. They stamped it out in characteristic fashion. We shall not dispose of the Aryans by similar drastic methods. The heresy only requires to be fairly criticised, when it will die of ridicule.

Solvitur ridendo. 'Ομοούσιος, or 'Ομοούσιος, it is all one to Mr. Boxall, who writes of the history of Christianity apparently without having heard of Arius or the Council of Nicæa. He is, most certainly, free from "educational influence." Imagination staggers at the picture of an ethnological congress of 325 A.D. embodying its resolutions in the Nicene creed! "The Ignorant University Man" of Mr. Boxall's diatribe will find much new and startling information in this astounding work.

At this point we cease to take the book seriously. A person who dares to jeer at a faith of whose history he has not a text-book knowledge, who sets his conclusions in matters of ethnological research against those of the acknowledged leaders of the science, without so much as a schoolboy's equipment, calls rather for contempt than criticism, laughter than logic. When he enters the domain of sociology and religion he becomes merely ridiculous, and his essays in the reconstruction of human origins are too silly to be entirely dull.

But this kind of thing is intolerable:

Dr. Frazer, it appears to me, must be classed with the members of the University ring, which dominates literature to-day, who do not understand the full scope and meaning of the theory of evolution.

And again:

The historian is inferior to the scientific observer because he starts his work without being well grounded in the evolution theory.

The author, in discussing "animal gods," leaves totemism and the sacramental communion altogether out of consideration and plumps for an indiscriminate animism, of which he gives an extraordinary definition.

In his account of the origin of the kingship in the "Melanochroi race" he appears to be totally ignorant of the combined kingly and priestly functions of the most ancient priestly guilds in Greece. He also ignores the fact that the Athenians, surely the purest of the Greek race, were inveterate democrats in the age of their highest development.

But then Mr. Boxall's bugbears are the Priest and King. He does not quite know why, but he looks upon them as childish survivals. A few extracts from "The

Passing of the King" may serve to illustrate his attitude:

It seems to me that it would be hoping for too much to expect that our race will complete the scientific record and discover everything that is to be known. That is reserved for the perfect man, and we are not yet so perfect as to be capable of such a development. We have to prepare the way for this increase of knowledge—for the advent of the perfect man—by removing those obstacles which stand in the way of his development. The priest and king have done excellent work in their time, but they seem to have fulfilled their duty and now stand in the way of further development. They have disappeared in other Anglo-Saxon lands, so that Great Britain is the only English-speaking country in the world which still has a king, a House of Lords, and an established priesthood. We may regard these, therefore, as ridiculous anomalies in civilised countries in the twentieth century.

"Therefore" is excellent. This passage affords the finest example of a *non sequitur* that we can remember to have seen.

A few of Mr. Boxall's remarks anent kings are instructive, in combination with his ethnological theories:

The force which has tended to keep the masses in subjection to the few has always been religion. We may learn something of the operation of this force from a brief survey of the history of the Semites as compared with the Melanochroi. The Melanochroi race appears to have been born in Greece, while the Semites made their first appearance in Syria. Although the youth of these races was passed in localities very close together, no contact appears to have taken place between them until comparatively late times. One of the reasons for this, and perhaps the principal one, was that the Semites were divided into nomad tribes, each under a separate ruler, and all more or less antagonistic towards each other. They did not unite into one race until the time of Mohammed, when the formulations of their new racial religion drew them together. Thus we see that the kings or personal rulers did not tend to give stability to the race. Kings, in fact, have always been rather a disintegrating force than otherwise.

It would be difficult to find a short passage more crammed with ignorant misstatements than this.

"The Melanochroi race appears to have been born in Greece." Does Mr. Boxall totally ignore, or has he never heard of, the melanochrous Cretans? Has he never heard it suggested that they were closely akin to the "Hittites" of Asia Minor? Is he in a position to disprove the close connection between the Minoan civilisation and early Semitic influences, due to the intercourse, which almost certainly existed, between the empire of Babylon and the "people of the isles of the sea"? Sargon of Agadé belonged to old time when Minos reigned in Crete, and there is but little doubt that he had penetrated into the region of the Mediterranean people. And there is some reason to believe that the code of Hammurabi had its influence upon the law of the days of Minoan splendour. And even without carrying our researches back to such remote antiquity there is no doubt whatever that the Phœnicians played a considerable part in Greek life of the Homeric period and that which immediately succeeded it. Semitic civilisation was not essentially nomadic, nor was it any more disunited than that of the various sections of Mr. Boxall's mysterious "Melanochroi race." Sargon, with an empire stretching from the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean, can hardly be described as a disintegrating force.

One more quotation and we have done with this wearisome book. Mr. Boxall adorns with the heading "Childish Ignorance" a paragraph in which he quotes Dean Hook's perfectly correct statement that:

The representatives in England of the Church of Rome are at the present time as much a dissenting sect as any Protestant nonconformists . . .

and adds

The worthy Dean ignores the fact that it was the founders of his Church who seceded from Rome and were excommunicated on that account . . . Henry the Eighth, Archbishop Cranmer and other leaders of this revolt were simply asserting their own right of judgment as against the authority of the Church, while at the same time they denied the same right to others. Hence they raised up a rival Church, for which they claimed the infallibility of the older Church they had abandoned.

We really thought we had seen the last of this kind of nonsense. But it is on a par with the rest of this book, in which its writer seeks to prove St. Paul a Greek ("his education was wholly and entirely Greek"), because he cannot understand that a man might be a Jew and yet a Roman citizen—in which we are told that if any of the disciples of Jesus accepted the "Greek story of the incarnation" he was a renegade to his race and his conscience—and in which social law, religion, and we may add, common sense—are thrown to the winds for the sake of the absurd ethnological assumption upon which its arguments are based. We presume that Mr. Boxall believes in his own theories. We would recommend him to study the subjects of which he writes, not in the pages of Miss Corelli, nor of his own productions, which seem to be his chief authorities, but in a series of those excellent text-books, which are to be had so cheaply nowadays, and which are written expressly for the elementary student. By doing so, he may see that it is possible to write intelligently concerning Woman Suffrage, the Social Problem, and Municipal Government, and to arrive at sufficiently startling conclusions in respect of these subjects without dragging in sciences of which he knows nothing, and which are not, apparently, within the scope of his intelligence.

TWO RUSKIN INTRODUCTIONS

Elements of Drawing and Perspective. By JOHN RUSKIN. Introduction by "A Student of Ruskin."

Pre-Raphaelitism: Lectures on Architecture and Painting. Academy Notes, 1855-1859; and *Notes on the Turner Gallery.* By JOHN RUSKIN. Introduction by LAURENCE BINYON.

Sesame and Lilies, The Two Paths, and The King of the Golden River. By JOHN RUSKIN. Introduction by SIR OLIVER LODGE. Everyman's Library. Edited by ERNEST RHYS. (Dent, 1s. net. per volume.)

MR. ERNEST RHYS, the competent general editor of this useful series, is fortunate in being able to offer introductions by so eminent a man of science as Sir Oliver Lodge, and so suggestive a writer on the Fine Arts as Mr. Laurence Binyon. Ten volumes of Ruskin's works had already been published in this form before the appearance of the present volumes. They are accompanied by a fairly complete bibliography and index of contents, and at their low price will doubtless prove useful to many readers. It is a pity that Mr. Rhys could not include all Ruskin's writings on pre-Raphaelitism in the present volume; "The three colours of pre-Raphaelitism," for instance, would have been better in the place of "Notes on the Turner Gallery," which might well have been reserved for a volume entirely devoted to Turner. A more unfortunate omission is Ruskin's preface to the 1871 edition of "Sesame and Lilies." In the case of a writer who corrected and added so much as Ruskin did, want of finality is a serious drawback to the usefulness of any edition. The present collection is not of sufficient importance to call for criticism of the works themselves, and moreover the time has not yet arrived for forming of Ruskin any complete appreciation which would be likely to continue just. This has been naturally felt by the two writers whom we have named, both eminently qualified to form valuable appreciations from their respective points of view. They confine themselves in the main to introducing the works with which they are concerned. "A Student of Ruskin" also shows himself in his brief introduction well equipped to criticise Ruskin's technical works. He prints a few well-chosen passages from his other treatises illustrative of the two on drawing and broadly indicates the essential value of these when he says that in them "Ruskin clears for us our working vision." A better technical appreciation could not easily be made in so few words.

Mr. Laurence Binyon notices the different senses in

which the word pre-raphaelitism has been used in application to the aims of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood and of those artists outside it who worked with similar intention. He supplies a good working description, useful to students in their early stages of study, namely, that the Pre-Raphaelites represented "a revolt from the accepted canons of the day," that "sincerity was their aim and their achievement," and that the imaginative power which informed the movement was its really potent and vitalising force. Of Ruskin himself Mr. Binyon remarks justly:

He had not, I think, a very profound sympathy with the creative instinct of the artist; but this want is but the weakness of a wonderful gift for observation and analysis . . . His nature was one of the utmost rarity and of much singularity . . . But let his faults be summed, and all his caprices weighed, nothing will take from him his power to spur, to kindle, to illuminate.

With many points of diversity Mr. Binyon's sincerity enables him to write of Ruskin with free judgment and sympathy.

Sir Oliver Lodge's introduction might serve as a model in reprints of this nature; it is terse and highly suggestive. We are intent, in these pages, on lucidity of thought and accuracy of expression, and we call attention to the remarks of Sir Oliver which follow. Concerning the passages in "Sesame and Lilies" on the careful employment of words, he writes:

Language is so much the instrument of thinking, that probably no training, not even mathematics, conduces to accuracy of thought so effectively as does the constantly cultivated precision of expression here advocated and illustrated.

In juxtaposition to this remark, he makes another concerning the moral conclusions at which Ruskin arrives in the same treatise, namely, "that the two most heinous sins are Idleness and Cruelty."

Further, in his introduction to an earlier volume of this collection "Unto this Last" (the first series of essays which were finally developed in "Munera Pulveris") Sir Oliver remarks that "it must not be supposed that in every detail Ruskin worked out his perceptions to correct conclusions." Further on he adds:

Even in the first series ["Unto this Last"] there are points on which hesitation and perhaps disagreement are very permissible, the most important of these being the advocated equal payment for good and bad workers alike—a doctrine which still provokes disagreement even among those who otherwise sympathise.

We do not commit Sir Oliver Lodge, it is we who connect his three remarks more closely. They suggest to us two phrases which have now become current: "The Dignity of Labour" and "The Right to Work." Applied, as they are, to corporal labour, they are phrases with which politicians, who would be demagogues, gild the labourers' pill and purchase their confidence. As regards "The Dignity of Labour," there is no dignity in labour, which is not also in pain and disease. All three are necessities, which the human will alone, in the individual subjected to them, can transform into virtues and clothe with dignity. The real value which labourers (working men) attach to their "dignity" is shown by the alacrity with which they exchange it for any other, such as the "dignity" of journalism, of preaching, of parochial office, of political organisation, or of Parliament. The other phrase "the right to work" is a double fraud. To work is a right only so far as work is self-development, otherwise it is no right, but a bitter necessity. Further, the phrase is used to obscure a fundamental natural right of which the demagogue is afraid, the right to live. That this is instinctively recognised as a natural right is shown by the continual contravention in practice of the theories which deny it, by the very persons who advance those theories. Their own human nature is happily too strong for them. The confusion of thought and inaccuracy of expression shown in these two cant phrases have produced the definite party cry, that the State is bound to provide work for those willing to do it.

It is difficult to believe that politicians can advance this dogma for any other purpose than the advantage of the political factions to which they belong. These factions we take leave to consider as senseless, and as pernicious to all who are not of them, as were the feuds of the Montagues and the Capulets. Religion establishes a universal law, corporal charity. As regards Christianity, with which we are chiefly concerned, we do not overlook the teaching concerning the duty of work, contained in the third chapter of the second epistle to the Thessalonians. The Schoolmen, more particularly, exempted from the stigma of theft the starving (irrespective of idleness) who exercised their natural right, by taking food. It may be objected that the virtue of States is justice and not charity. This is true, but the tendency of modern government is to interfere unjustly, as far as it dare, with the exercise of private charity by the giver, and to punish as far as it can the acceptance of it by the recipient. By English law want is treated *prima facie* as a crime. Whether the starving make known their condition by begging; or attempt to conceal it by wandering, they are clapt into the workhouse or the gaol, either as beggars or as wanderers without visible means of support. If they escape confinement they must die, unless the law can manage to confine them under yet another pretext, attempted suicide. Morally, the theory of the State should be to secure to every individual such liberty and livelihood as each can enjoy without detriment to that of the rest. Its practice is to deprive the individual of liberty and to encourage incorrigible idleness. The wider it extends the fiction of the franchise, the narrower it contracts the reality of freedom. Individual charity is discouraged on the base and false pretext that it degrades the recipient. State or parish assistance really degrades him because it subjects him to public inquisition, deprives him of liberty, and of individual sympathy. The more popularly public assistance is administered the lower it degrades both the administrator and the pauper. It not only merely encourages idleness, it becomes positively provocative of it. Popular government is devoted to the system because it opens the advantages of secret commissions to the ever-increasing brood of petty officials whose interest is to keep it in office. Just as puritanism deformed virtue into a revolting hag, popular government deforms liberty into a tyrannous shrew and divine charity into a jobbing official. If the theory that it is the duty of governments to provide work is to be taken in connection with the other theory that all workers are to be paid equally, as Sir Oliver Lodge states the theory, the two combined lead to one of the falsest conclusions ever arrived at even by political economists. We should have thought that it is the duty of governments to provide necessities and not necessities, to undertake works only when they are required and to see that they are executed in the best possible manner; therefore to consider not the willingness but the ability of the workmen. The dishonest gasfitter is so willing to work that he becomes self-supplying when he drives tin-tacks into his employers leaden gas-pipe. It is easy and tempting to the dishonest government to supply work at this rate; by doing so it supplies votes, which, in turn, ensure the continuance of its emoluments. Under exceptional conditions a government may have recourse to the expedient of supplying employment to occupy disorderly crowds, or, much more reasonably, of distributing food to starving crowds. But the expedient is justifiable only by its result, just as the civil and military doles of Roman emperors are now justified by historians according as their governments were good or bad in other respects.

There is no reason for supposing that Sir Oliver Lodge approves the theory which he states fairly; on the contrary, we infer that he may not altogether dissent from the matter of our remarks. In a subsequent paragraph, enlarging on Ruskin's use of the word *cruelty*, he expresses generous and rather revolutionary sentiments of his own.

Another form of torture—a form operating chiefly on the mind, and

called imprisonment—is still enforced among us; possibly because few are able keenly to realise what it means. It seems to be a form of punishment which does not forcibly arouse the imagination beforehand, and, therefore, is but slightly deterrent; but it will soon become a question whether, as a punishment, and except as an opportunity for reformation, confinement is a penalty we have any right to inflict on free and responsible beings—whether, in fact, a more frankly brutal and bodily form of torment might not righteously be substituted for it, and be more legitimate. The particular phase of cruelty involved in prolonged removal of liberty and suspension of will is not indeed referred to by Mr. Ruskin in the text, but the general utterances of a prophet must be held capable of wide specific application.

We would extend Sir Oliver Lodge's attention also beyond the prison-house and its befoulment of the living. The law feigns that when a criminal has been hanged, he has expiated his crime. But little can be done to insult the dead, that little the law allows its officers to do. The body of the malefactor is treated as brute carrion. This is what happened not long ago; if the prison reformers who have some sense of decency have not succeeded in stamping it out, it happens still. The harmless body restored to innocence by atonement, is covered with quicklime and crammed into a coffin made irrespective of its stature. It is then buried in the prison-yard, close to the place where the prisoners are exercised. Nothing remains secret in a prison. The other prisoners have known exactly the crime of which the man has been accused, his defence, how he bore his sentence, the day fixed for his execution. What they do not learn, their treatment in prison has taught them to divine. In the early morning they hear the tolling of the prison bell, they know the moment when the bolt is drawn. All day they think of the body with the dislocated neck, thrust into the coffin with the quicklime, shovelled under the earth in the yard. Next day they see where the earth has been disturbed and know that their solitary companion lies there where he walked apart. Those who have seen prisoners on the day of an execution never forget the expression of their faces, the acute nervous tension of their features, and the fever in their eyes. Do these savage antics of the law about a corpse inspire respect for it, among those whose respect is so much to be desired? But this may not be all, even the prison-yard patch may be too good for the dead. In one instance, at least the governor of a prison annexed this poor cemetery and planted it for his own use. This utilitarian is alive and amenable to censure. We wonder whether he was authorised to make this hideous addition to his vegetable garden, and if not whether he has ever been taught any lesson for having done so. We did not receive information on these subjects from prisoners or warders but from higher officials.

It is the consideration of Ruskin which has occasioned the tone of our remarks, "because he brought everything to a root in human passion and human hope." Because, as Mr. Laurence Binyon says:

He wrote of things that live; and he made their life more precious to us by his writings; he moves us because he is moved, and the more deeply that through all his sense of the beauty in the world and in the works of man vibrates no less passionately a sense of the wrong, the deformity, and the pains in both. *It is written "in the sweat of thy brow," but it was never written "in the breaking of thy heart" thou shalt eat bread;* in such sentences as this, upon the first page of the present volume [Pre-Raphaelitism] we come to the very heart of Ruskin; and who that has listened to it can ever lose from his mind the voice of that burning pity and generous indignation?

THE BEAUTIFUL SUBURBS

The Skirts of the Great City. By Mrs. ARTHUR G. DELL. (Methuen, 6s.)

THERE used to be a silly practice among journalists of using the word "suburban" in a contemptuous manner, as though it must necessarily suggest what is Philistine and narrow-minded and faulty in taste, and of speaking of the inhabitants of Brixton or Tooting or what-not suburb as

though there were something unworthy and ridiculous in living in those places. The practice irritated me extremely, for there was more than one suburb which I visited with pleasure or remembered with affection, and I missed no opportunity of protesting against it. Ultimately it died, and I like to think that I helped to kill it. I am reminded of it by Mrs. Bell's interesting and pleasant book about the suburbs, and if any writer guilty of that foolish and unreasoning usage still survives I recommend him to take the opportunity of apologising, or at least repenting.

There are many suburbs or parts of suburbs about London which are beautiful, and to a mind with any imagination the beauty has an intense, a poignant quality just because of its nearness to ugliness. It seems fragile, wistful, pathetic. Another stride of the building beast and it is gone. Happily much of it is park-land and common-land, which in our partially awakened consciousness of the value of beauty and free space is no longer in danger. Gradually and after much exhortation we are abandoning the belief that the land exists solely to make fortunes for contractors. What remains of Barnes Common is safe, I hope, and the windmill on Wimbledon Common shall still stand solitary.

But we may transfer the fragility to our impression, and find the beauty the keener because in so few minutes we shall be looking at something so different: in any case the quality of beauty, where it exists in the suburbs, is peculiarly fine. And the suburbs, too, are peculiarly interesting in their associations. That also they owe to their nearness to London, of course. When they were just country places within a possible drive of London they were the houses of all those statesmen, courtiers, men of the world, and men of the study who loved the country but to whom the business or pleasure or society of London was necessary. There is hardly a suburb without its memory. Even Tooting—I say "even" because poor Tooting was an especial butt—can boast of Lord Burghley and Daniel Defoe.

Mrs. Bell's book is an epitome of all this interesting matter. It is pleasantly done, as I said. Yet in truth it is, of necessity, less a real book than the abridged material, or suggestion, for many books. The subject is too large, the facts are too many, for a book of three hundred pages or so to make more than a bare statement of them. That is inherent in the nature of the scheme and is not Mrs. Bell's fault. The labour must have been great. I do not pretend to have undertaken the like for the sake of a column article. I have not verified several thousand statements—I admit it frankly. I can say, however, that in the case of those suburbs with which I am familiar Mrs. Bell has given—though briefly, of course—all the facts I knew and more besides, so that I can meditate in these suburbs with greater advantage in the future. The numerous illustrations are pretty. I confess I like the plain ones best: colour-printing does not seem as yet to have achieved the real tones and atmosphere of English scenery.

G. S. STREET.

SLAVERY AND SECESSION

History of the United States from the Compromise of 1850 to the Final Restoration of Home Rule at the South in 1877.
Vols. i.-iv. By JAMES FORD RHODES, LL.D., Litt.D.
(Macmillan, 12s. net each.)

THE lapse of a generation since life in the Southern States of the Union was established upon its present basis renders possible something like an adequate estimate of the forces and occurrences of which it was the outcome. Nor was the story of the stressful years a merely historical interest to-day; for the negro problem has been by no means solved by emancipation, and some symptoms of a recrudescence of the States'-rights agitation have manifested themselves in California and North Carolina. Still an important and

long persistent phase of the first of the two great questions passed with the abolition of slavery, and it can hardly be questioned but that the victory of the North established Federalism in such a position that for it to be dislodged an entirely new set of conditions must arise. Whether the growth of the west will ever afford scope for a new confederacy may be a matter for speculation to the historical inquirer.

Dr. Rhodes possesses some of the most important qualities of the true historian. He has the judicial temper and he spares no pains in accumulating and sifting material. To an English reader he occasionally seems somewhat prolix, though seldom actually tedious; and he is at times perhaps a little too anxious to display the range of his extraneous readings. His narrative method resembles more that of the late Mr. Lecky than any historian's, but he scarcely equals that writer when at his best. Certain inelegancies of diction crop up constantly and annoy us: Mr. Rhodes always writes "at the North and at the South," for instance, and uses such awkward expressions as "it took air." We read that "this speech of Chase was great," "if there had been no more to Sumner's speech than the invective against the slave power," and encounter "gubernatorial" where governmental would have been purer English. "Foluitous lack of foresight" occurs in one passage. After all, however, these are but small blemishes when set against a general lucidity of statement and complete absence of that turgidity for which the Motley style has been so undeservedly admired. Another point on which we may, on the whole, commend our present historian is his preservation of the balance between text and notes, though his anxiety to convince the reader of the security of his foundation induces him at times to make a seemingly superfluous display of the planks.

The prolegomena of the slavery debate which preceded the appeal to arms are stated clearly in an introductory chapter. The Ordinance of 1787 excluding slavery from the rising north-western states; the fugitive slave law of 1793; the prohibition of the foreign slave-trade after 1808; the Missouri Compromise of 1820; the concurrent growth of a moral repulsion for slavery in the North and its establishment as a representative institution in the South; the attempt to check the extension by the Wilmot proviso; all these, together with the main contentions of the rival champions, Daniel Webster and J. C. Calhoun, and the extreme garrison abolitionist propaganda, are touched upon as necessary to the comprehension of the great struggle which occupied the sixth and seventh decades of nineteenth-century American history. It is shown how before cotton became king, slavery was looked upon as a necessary evil probably doomed to extinction in the South as well as the North, and it is noted how even in Boston, as late as 1835, abolitionists were mobbed. When, after the Mexican War, the Calhoun doctrines came to be applied, the question whether the constitution did or did not recognise servile labour ceased to be an academic dispute and became a burning partisan issue.

The main narrative begins with the inauguration of President Taylor in 1849, as a result of whose election Hawthorne lost his place in the Salem custom house and began "The Scarlet Letter" to supply the gap in his finances. Taylor died in office and his successor Fillmore's term of office saw the conclusion of the great compromise of 1850, which averted for a decade the physical conflict between the liberty-loving North and the slave-owning South. It was a temporary triumph (devised by the statesmanship of Clay and Webster) of the Union principle over sectional doctrines and interests, but mainly operated to the advantage of the South. It "portended a dissolution of the existing political parties," being repugnant to the growing aspirations of advanced opinion in each territorial section of the Union. Probably most of his countrymen would agree in Dr. Rhodes's opinion that Webster was "our greatest Secretary of State," and all who heard him admitted the power of his eloquence, though they might not go so far as to call him, with John

Adams, "the most consummate orator of modern times." That neither "the godlike Clay" nor "the immortal Webster" ever rose to the first station in the State may be considered somewhat of a reflection upon their countrymen, if it be not looked upon rather as a tribute to their own disdain of demagogic bending to the popular breeze.

One of the enactments of which the compromise was made up, a strengthening of the law for the "vendition" of fugitive slaves, was never acceptable in the New England States. Just after the passing of the first infringement of the agreement of 1850, the Kansas-Nebraska Act of 1854, a fugitive slave named Burns was arrested in Boston and adjudged to his owner. As a favourable specimen of Dr. Rhodes's style we will recite his account of what took place when Burns was conducted out of the place, and his comment thereon:

A large body of city police and twenty-two companies of Massachusetts soldiers guarded the streets through which Burns and his guard must pass. The streets were cleared by a company of cavalry. The procession was made up of one United States artillery battalion, one platoon of U. S. marines, the marshal's civil posse of one hundred and twenty-five men guarding the fugitive, two platoons of marines, a field-piece, and one platoon of marines as a guard to the field-piece. Windows along the line of march were draped in mourning; from a window opposite the old State-house was suspended a black coffin on which were the words, "The funeral of Liberty"; further on was an American flag, the Union down, draped in mourning. The solemn procession was witnessed by fifty thousand people, who hissed, groaned, and cried "Shame! shame!" as it went by. A weight of suspense hung over the crowd, and it seemed as if a slight occasion might precipitate an outbreak with terrible consequences. The fugitive was marched to the wharf, and was put on a U. S. revenue cutter, sailing towards Virginia. To this complexion had it come at last. In a community celebrated all over the world for the respect it yielded to law, and for obedience to those clothed with authority; in a community where the readiness of all citizens to assist the authorities had struck intelligent Europeans with amazement—it now required to execute a law a large body of deputy-marshals, the whole force of the city police, one thousand one hundred and forty soldiers with muskets loaded, supplied with eleven rounds of powder and ball and furnished with a cannon loaded with grape-shot. If anything were needed to heighten the strangeness of the situation, it may be found in the fact that the marshal's deputies were taken from the dregs of society, for no reputable citizen would serve as a slave-catcher.

The author does not disguise his own conviction that the Northerners were in the right; but this conviction does not in the least affect his judgment of men and measures. In discussing the so-called Kansas war he holds, in contradistinction to Mr. Sanborn, that for John Brown's "midnight executions" there was "absolutely no justification," and he denies the hero of Harper's Ferry the title of "the liberator." Again he writes of Theodore Parker's "wild, incoherent and vindictive harangue" on a certain occasion; terms Buchanan's disingenuous use of the Union feeling in '56 "a legitimate party cry"—a rather dangerous admission; and does not hesitate, upon due occasion, to indite unfavourable criticism of Lincoln himself. His comparison of "Old Abe" to Socrates and Marcus Aurelius strikes one as somewhat far-fetched; "the dim suggestion of the humbleness of Uriah Heep" in the attitude of the future President towards Douglas in '58 is more happy. The comparison of President Pierce to "a little statue on a great pedestal" is decidedly felicitous, and the remarks upon the legitimate limits of pulpit interference in politics are eminently sound.

Dr. Rhodes is completely free from anything approaching spread-eagleism. It is true that in one passage he classifies foreign opinions of America as "favourable, unfavourable, and impartial"; but the citations he makes of them reveal the fact that this is in him rather an aberration in expression than a deficiency in logic or breadth of view. He records his view that "a disregard of human life characterised the nation" in 1853, and has some very candid remarks on the state of public morality at the period of the outbreak of civil war. The statement that "Arnold" is "a term used in every Christian land" for a traitor is surely an exaggeration; but it is almost a single lapse of the kind.

The historian's dictum as to Lincoln's opportunism—"with true greatness he did not shake his own judgment by peering into a future full of trouble"—seems scarcely reconcilable with his subsequent commendation of his far-sightedness in the matter of the Fort Sumter difficulty. On the other hand the appreciation of the relative merits of the Republicans and abolitionists and their respective rôles is masterly in the extreme; and the conclusions come to on the much debated action of Buchanan at the critical period of his administration doubtless embodies the definitive verdict of history.

Readers not deeply versed in American constitutional history may find the lengthy descriptions of party conventions and debates in Congress somewhat tedious, although in this period they are seldom without significance. The battles of the war have moreover been fought over so many times in print that all but the unwearied military student is inclined to turn away from them. But although the author keeps his eyes fixed upon the main points, he does not omit to treat at proportionate length and in fitting place other aspects of his subject. The opinion of England on the merits of the strife between North and South is illustrated in almost inordinate detail; foreign relations are by no means neglected; and a discussion of the tariff question, on which Dr. Rhodes holds pronounced Free Trade views, cannot of course be avoided. Dr. Rhodes evidently does not admire the truculent attitude of his countrymen towards Spain on the Cuban question, which, had it not been for the Civil War, would have resulted in hostilities a generation earlier than it did. He cites the *Times* *à propos* of the Ostend manifesto of 1854: "The diplomacy of the United States is certainly a very singular profession." As to the Trent affair he sees that Washington had no case, but does not seem to be aware of the important part played by Prince Albert in averting war.

Outside the political and military contents of these volumes there is not a little to interest a serious reader. The careful comparison of life and society in the Northern and Southern States in the period before the Secession; the discussion of American physique and morals; and the vivid narrative of the New Orleans yellow-fever epidemic of 1853, drawn chiefly from the highly remarkable "Diary of a Samaritan" published in 1860: these are a few of the topics which stand out most saliently. "The golden age of American literature" is touched upon appreciatively, though for our part we may express a hope that this description of the epoch of Emerson and Hawthorne may prove to have been a mistaking of the bud for the flower. American physique seems to have greatly improved since the war, and this seems to show that Dr. Rhodes is right in refusing to ascribe its former defects to climatic causes. His opinion that public morality is in a worse state than it was in 1860, whilst private ethics have improved, is probably as true as any such generalisation can be.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND BRAINS

Art and the Camera. By ANTONY GUEST. (Bell, 6s. net.)

FROM the grotesque engravings on smoothed bones of the Troglodytes, or the first crude colours mixed in a crab's carapace and daubed upon a handily flat piece of rock, to the enchantment of modern portrayals of landscape and seascape, is a progression into which we can read meanings spiritual or scientific according to our idiosyncrasies of temperament; a progression no less surprising than the difference between the first uncouth caricature of a head scratched on a slate by some skin-clad ancestor and the indiscreet vanities of Aubrey Beardsley, the gnomes and whimsies of S. H. Sime, or the turn of a line that made Phil May's conceits more than mortal. Art, of course, existed before the cave-dwellers, even as a room exists into which we have never been; nowadays every half-

fledged student imagines himself to be exploring the inner chambers of the palace of art. It is doubtful, however, if most of us have gone beyond the outer courts.

Yet, so far as we have investigated, and so far as we have understood, it is our duty to give those who view uncomprehendingly the fine, stern exterior of the palace, not knowing why it exists, some idea of the beauties within. Mr. Antony Guest, in his admirable work, "Art and the Camera," has succeeded in doing this. He wisely observes at the commencement that he projects not a text-book, but a dissertation that shall stimulate the possessor of a camera to a fuller realisation of the artistic possibilities within his power; briefly, counsels him to think, to take photographs intelligently. Before he reads this volume he is presumed to have mastered the mysteries of stops, exposures, focussing, etc.; in fact, to be fairly proficient in the technique of his hobby.

The average amateur with a hand-camera takes what he terms a "shot" at everything within range for the whole length of his half-day or fortnight off, or as long as his films last, only needing a trigger to be the photographic parallel to a quick-firing machine-gun. This is the hobble-dehoy who overruns the Continental tourist routes every summer, snapping cathedrals, lakes, mountains, not because they appeal to his sense of beauty (which is generally atrophied), but because they are starred in his guide-book; who is harassed lest he should miss anything; who returns to unload upon long-suffering friends, whom he rejoices to think envious, his well-known views, with the reiterated "We went *there* . . . You ought to go *there*," etc. etc. Needless to say, this is not photography. The author of this book would deftly take that young man by the ear, would persuade him to stay at home and learn how to find a picture in the light and shade on the white-washed walls of the nearest farm-building before he flicks his impertinent shutter at the Jungfrau; and rightly so.

Mr. Guest is a poet at heart. A book of practical advice and apparently prosaic quality may be most gently and poetically written, while many a collection of so-called poems consists of illiterate, unnecessary and aggravating prose. There is a singular freedom from banality and platitude in his book (the usual and expected sins in books on art which appeal to outsiders), and a pleasing absence of the irritating split infinitive. Scattered through the pages are remarks which reveal much keenness of insight and bring a thrill of appreciation to the reader, such as these sentences in the section headed "Portraiture":

Love would certainly not accept a likeness made in hatred, and hate would laugh contemptuously at the presentment that appealed to love . . . Plain people who are greatly loved are not only known to their friends by external forms.

Discussing the matter of balance in a proposed picture, he writes:

If one shows a child in a splendid Gothic church, the little figure loses its importance to the degree in which attention is given to the architecture, and the picture is very likely to be one of a church with a child in it, rather than of a child in church.

Apropos of the everlasting question to how great an extent a photograph may legitimately be modified to render it artistic, his words are weighty:

A photograph should be a photograph first of all, and its modification or beautification by other means should be regarded as subsidiary . . . The true theory is that the process to which a material is subjected should beautify it, not obliterate its character.

The chapters on "How to Observe," and "What to leave out" are full of guidance, and Mr. Guest pays very special attention to the alteration of colour-values due to varying times of day, cloud, etc. Noting the absence of pure white at sunset, he says:

A white cow may be gray-green, pink, or violet, according to the portion of the sky that she reflects. Black does not exist, nor is there any positive colour, unless it be in objects whose local hues are similar to the light that they reflect. A rose, for instance, turned towards a rosy light will glow with an intensity that seems almost unnatural.

If the lay reader doubts that latter statement, let him, in a room with red blinds drawn down on which the sun is shining, stand before a mirror and put on a tie in which red predominates. The effect is startling.

One pronouncement of Mr. Guest's, that the task of the worker without colour—the photographer—demands a keener perception of tones than that of the painter, seems to call for some demur. This is rather a strange assertion from an admirer of Whistler, and Mr. Guest has perhaps allowed his enthusiasm for the camera to carry him a little too far. Whistler's use of tones seems to be a refutation of the above dictum. At the same time, the illustrations in "Art and the Camera" show what can be done in monochrome by a sound judgment of the different shades in a landscape, from distance to foreground. Half the value of the book lies here: the studies are beautifully reproduced from photographs. One or two of the landscapes are rather the conventional thing, and the "Apple-Room" is strongly reminiscent, in the ungainly and angular attitude of the woman, of a picture in this year's Royal Academy. With these exceptions, nothing but praise can be spoken; the child-studies especially are delicate and dainty in the extreme, and suffer least from exigencies of reproduction. One comment suggests itself while on the subject of the illustrations. They cover almost everything—flowers, architecture, portraiture, sea, meadow, and river effects, and are full of interest and charm, but why is the Navy always left out of this class of work? There are few things more suggestive of grim strength, more brave and proud, than a great grey battleship, towering over her escort of tugs, coming silently down harbour in the dawn; few things more idealistic of speed than a lean, black, devilish-looking destroyer shearing from her acute bows a thin, green, semi-transparent slice of water, that thickens into a beautiful arch and spreads away in wide, white skirts of lace-like foam. Cruisers and warships could as well be treated and composed artistically as churches and children, and a week spent wandering round one of our big Channel stations should bring excellent results.

Those who hold the faith that a photograph should be untouched, that Nature, having presented you with a subject, should be left severely alone, will find very little sympathy here. Mr. Guest, in quietly impressive paragraphs, never loses sight of his central thesis, that a photograph can contain, if we wish, almost as much personality and individual charm as a painting. The world to him is beautiful with visions. He sees the opulence of advancing light behind the shower, perceives the spirit behind the face, finds fairies in ambush, puts himself *en rapport* with all frail and fugitive things, so that the poise of a daffodil's petals, the stately lines of a lifted cloak, the tracery of the "frozen music" in a cathedral, a woodland path, become invested with mystery, as though we trod the borders of some dim fairyland. And indeed, under his guidance, a camera in fairyland would not be so incongruous an affair as it seems. The work, he says, may be "something more than a record of fact, and may preserve a reflection of that intangible quality which was at the origin of its being;" and again, he finely observes in his closing sentence, it may "hint at the inner meaning of things, at the eternal Ideal of which material beauty is the reflection."

To extract a lasting impression of loveliness from beauty that in its very essence is ephemeral; to preserve in perfect light and shade, as a precious thought is reverently enshrined in perfect words, the fleeting moods and moments when through things seen seems to start the sudden life of things unseen; to project into an aspect of Nature the personality of the beholder, and, by subtle training of hand, eye and soul to seize personality, mood and loveliness and so render them that another, gazing at the result, shall be conscious of a thrill as exquisite as that which comes with a faultless verse in a poem or a vaguely-remembered strain of music—these things Mr. Guest urges in a sane and practical manner throughout

his whole treatise. And in so doing he has contributed the strongest reinforcement that has been made for some time to the armies of brightness and beauty which are encamped around, and lay eternal siege to, our desolate Northern citadels of soulless severity and charmless ideals.

THE LIBRARY TABLE

King Solomon's Temple: its Structure and its History. By Rev. W. SHAW CALDECOTT. (Religious Tract Society, 6s.)

THE Temple of King Solomon possesses all the fascination of an apparently insoluble riddle; everybody knows about it, nobody knows it; and the key to a happy solution seems to be ever so near and yet so far. Mr. Caldecott has tackled the subject with vigorous enthusiasm, and the result is an eminently readable and interesting book which will doubtless stimulate further inquiry, although we are often irritated by un-English spelling, a certain pedantry in choice of terms, and occasional misprints in dates and Bible references.

The first part of the book deals with the history of Solomon's Temple and summarises the history of the Southern Kingdom following the lead of the Chronicle, for the historical value of which the author makes out a good case, although we are still of opinion that the book has "the value more of a sermon than of a history"; by which we must be understood to mean not that the book is unhistorical, but very incomplete in its presentment of facts, inasmuch as the compiler of the Chronicle selected only those events which had a direct bearing on the chief end he had in view. The most interesting feature of this part of the book is Mr. Caldecott's strenuous effort to unravel the hopelessly tangled skein of the chronology of the divided kingdoms. He has clearly been assisted by "the aid of an illuminated imagination" which he tells us is so necessary for a full understanding of the records; he works the theory of regencies to its fullest extent, possibly even a little beyond that; and the result is an apparently harmonious whole. We can, however, find nothing to substantiate his assumption that Ahaziah was incapacitated for seven years after his consultation with Elijah before "he died according to the word of the Lord which Elijah had spoken"; and it is also difficult to reconcile the early date given to Ahab with the presence of that monarch, as recorded by the Assyrian inscription, at the battle of Karkar in 854. True, it has been suggested that the Assyrian scribe was ignorant of Ahab's death, and that the Israelite king at Karkar was Joram. Means of communication were, however, so well established and so regularly used that it is impossible to conceive the death of a vigorous king, ruling over a land on the main route between Egypt and the coming Power of the North, being unknown until nearly eighteen years after the event.

The second part of Mr. Caldecott's book deals with the structure of the Temple, and is prefaced by an introduction "On Hebrew Measures of Length." The author finds three distinct cubits, which varied in length according to the nature of the measurement in hand, and such an idea finds analogy in our own cumbrous system of weights and measures; but reliable data for determining the value of the cubit are still wanting, and for the present we are disposed to accept Mr. Caldecott's conclusions with the proverbial grain of salt. The same remark applies to his treatment of Bethel as indicating only the character of a place and leaving its locality to be determined by the context.

Among the many points in which Mr. Caldecott boldly departs from accepted ideas, three, to our mind, stand out prominently. The unroofed colonnades surrounding the Holy of Holies and the Holy Place, when read in the

light of the pages which deal with the paving of the surrounding courts, do much to widen one's view of the Temple worship. The gable roof is, as far as we know, a new idea, and our author fails to convince us although he confidently asserts that "the Temple was undoubtedly an exception to the general rule." The flat roof was the rule in Eastern buildings, and the dimensions given, for instance, in 1 Kings vi. 2, seem to demand a flat roof in the present case; indeed, it could hardly be otherwise if the Temple, as our author insists, was "the genuine outcome of Hebrew life." The artificial platform on which Mr. Caldecott builds the Temple is, to Dr. Sayce's mind, as expressed in his somewhat neutral-tinted preface, the most important, as it is the most convincing of "the new facts brought before us by Mr. Caldecott"; we content ourselves by saying that it is as reasonable as it is interesting, that it is in accordance with patterns with which the Hebrews must have been quite familiar, and that it makes easier of understanding many points which are as yet obscure. This latter, however, is by no means the only or the safest test of theory.

Although we cannot accept all Mr. Caldecott's conclusions we welcome his volume as a solid and thoughtful contribution to the subject; he has boldly departed from the hard, beaten track and struck out an original line, and his reward will doubtless be an increased interest in the investigation of the problem he has so vigorously attacked.

The Byzantine Empire. By N. JORGA. Translated by ALLEN H. POWLES, M.A. Temple Primers. (Dent, 1s. net.)

Two causes for regret are common to the majority of these useful little primers. They are nearly all composed in a foreign language, and nearly all are but indifferently translated. But apart from these two defects—or rather two aspects of the same defect—we have nothing to say against the present volume, which presents a lively picture of the Byzantine Empire from Justinian to the fall of Constantinople. True, arrangement and sequence are not too obvious, and sentences of appalling length and complexity torture both eye and brain at intervals. And the language, in its quest of the picturesque, is not always temperate. "The Cæsar of the gutter" is not a fair description of Justinian, who was undoubtedly an able ruler for his time, even though his policy for Imperial extension and defence did not make for future solidarity.

But this description of the Church in the fifth and sixth century is lively—in its closing phrase:

All the worship of the God who was the Saviour of the humble, the God of sincere and intimate prayer, was reduced to ceremonial forms, to gestures, genuflections, acts of penitence (*metanoiai*) to the verses and phrases of ritual. All that the art of the fifth and sixth centuries could offer to the crowds was there. *The lay theatre closed its doors.*

The italics are our own. The sentence is a 'masterly summing up.

But there are other passages in which we cannot help thinking that the translator has found himself in difficulties—though justifiably, if the English represents the French in any degree whatever.

Basil . . . became Cæsar with all the customary forms and ceremonial. But the cynical Michael soon, in jest, during a private dinner, at which, it is true, he was alone with the Empress and his colleague, threw the same purple mantle over the shoulders of a boatman who had praised his skill in the Circus. Basil, who did not understand the language and the treatment, spread a report of a decree of the Senate against the shameless emperor, and put him to death.

Of course, the sense emerges eventually, but the gasping array of commas in the first part of the passage suggests a halting pen—and the dictionary.

But it cannot be denied that the author's desire "to give a series of pictures rather than the customary dry narrative" has been very successfully realised. For it is a very interesting and original little book. The bibliography is good and the index poor.

THE SANGRAAL

THE other day the Holy Grail was "discovered" in a well near Glastonbury. The ACADEMY, while duly announcing the event, seemed somewhat sceptical as to the claims of the saucer-like vessel which was "discovered" to be the glorious object of the greatest of all Legends. I think the ACADEMY was justified in its caution; but it may not be amiss, since the story has been thus oddly popularised, to call attention to some curious facts relative to the wonderful old romances which first celebrated the glories of the Sangraal.

Now, in the first place, there is a very short and easy way of dealing with the legend. Somehow or other you get hold of a theory, make up your mind that it is true, and then manipulate the evidence. The simplest way is to select the particular romance which fits in best with the theory that you have acquired; and then you ignore all the other romances which may conflict with it more or less. The best instance of this method is Dr. Sebastian Evans's ingenious and attractive "In Quest of the Holy Graal." Dr. Evans, it must be said, is the accomplished and admirable, if somewhat archaistic translator of one of the Romances, to which he has given the title "The High History of the Holy Graal," and on this particular romance he has founded his theory. It is an attractive one, as I have said; but it is quite terrible!

There is a very odd and inexplicable incident in most versions of the legend. Logres, that is Britain, is supposed to be in the doleful condition of enchantment; physically and spiritually the land languishes, and the keeper of the Graal is sick of a mystic wound. All that is required is for the chosen knight of the adventure to come to the Graal Castle; and then the holy vessel is borne before him as he sits in the hall. He must then ask what the Graal is and whom it serves; whereupon the evil enchantments will be annulled, the sick keeper will be healed, and all that is broken will be made whole. For one reason or another the knight does not ask this question on his first visit: consequently the doleful state of Britain continues and the wounded keeper of the mysteries is unhealed. It should be mentioned that the keeper is sometimes called the King Fisherman, sometimes the Rich Fisher; and this title, be it noted, is not the smallest of the many difficulties in this extraordinary tale.

Well; Dr. Sebastian Evans knows what all this means. I should first mention that in the particular romance which he has selected Logres is not "enchanted" on the arrival of Percival at the Graal Castle; misfortunes fall upon the land afterwards, in consequence of Percival's unhappy failure to put the question to the keeper. Here again is another illustration of the difficulties which beset the Graal student—the romances disagree with one another on the most important points. But Dr. Evans's interpretation of the whole legend is, briefly, as follows. It is, he says, an allegory of the events which fell out in England in the reign of King John, when the realm was laid under an interdict by the Holy Father. Percival, the hero of the quest, is St. Dominic; King Fisherman is the Pope, the King of Castle Mortal (or Deadly Castle) is the Emperor, Sir Gawain is Fulke the Troubadour, Lancelot is the elder Simon de Montfort, and Galahad is St. Francis of Assisi. The silence of Percival means that St. Dominic omitted to ask the Holy Father a certain question, when he visited the Court of Innocent c. 1215. The circumstances were these: Dominic was conferring with the Pope on the Albigenses, with special reference to the question of interdict in Languedoc, and the exemptions from interdict enjoyed by the Cistercian Order. But he never thought of discussing the question of interdict and Cistercian exemption in any other country besides Languedoc; and so when England was laid under interdict, the Cistercians were not allowed to say mass—and this was the dolorous enchantment of the Isle of Britain.

This is the crudest outline of Dr. Sebastian Evans's theory; and it must be said that it is worked out in his book with the greatest ingenuity and the nicest skill, and that some of the analogies between the history of the time and the "High History" are quite extraordinary. They are so extraordinary that I am almost tempted to believe that they were expressly contrived by the Great Enemy of Literary Students—a very malevolent devil he—that Dr. Evans might be led to adopt a theory which is, undoubtedly, quite preposterous.

It would be a tedious and lengthy task to demonstrate the vanity of the Evans theory; I hope its evident falsity will become apparent in the course of this note. But it may be said, by the way, that there is one fatal and manifest flaw which vitiates the whole argument, and that is that the Graal legend is the Legend of a Great Loss. The Graal in the "High History" is finally taken away into the unseen, in the "Queste" it is removed to heaven; another romance ends with the statement that it was henceforth seen of none "so openly," and the tales which carry on the legend of Montsalvatch remove the sacred thing to the realms of Prester John. But, in actual history, the interdict was removed and mass was once more freely celebrated; the discrepancy is quite fatal. And from another point of view: is it credible that a Cistercian, writing c. 1220 in Norman French, would ever dream of "getting up" obscure Celtic legends and details of Welsh folk-lore with the idea of giving his ecclesiastico-political allegory a picturesque setting? Or yet again: I am "a man in the street," I am sorry to say, as to the precise dates of the manuscripts, but I believe the learned are tolerably well agreed that some of the Graal Romances at all events were written years before the English interdict was heard of.

I have gone so far with Dr. Sebastian Evans's theory because it is the most ingenious of all the "straightforward" explanations of the Graal story. There are many other writers who are quite as certain, and not nearly so interesting. There is the "pagan" school, which regards the whole story as a bit of pre-Christian Celtic folk-lore, into which "Christian fetichism" was crudely and pitifully introduced in the twelfth century; there is the frankly nonsensical "Sun Myth" theory, according to which Galahad and Merlin are "sun heroes." This latter explanation has now gone the way of all such rubbish; but I daresay it has been succeeded by the equally ridiculous "Covent Garden theory," and for all I know Galahad may now be explained in certain quarters as *Caulahad*, or Cabbage Hero. Then there is the notion that the Graal Romances are, somehow or other, a Templar manifesto, the veiled utterance of the "secret doctrine" of the poor fellow soldiers of Christ. Here again we may say: how account for the introduction of obscure Welsh names, for the mention of obscure Celtic customs in books which are supposed to represent the teaching of a cosmopolitan order of chivalry with its headquarters in the East? But the most decisive answer to this hypothesis is: that in the first place there is no earthly reason to suppose that the Templars had any secret doctrine, or, if we are to believe one or two very dubious charges made against them, their doctrine was distinctly anti-sacramental. And the doctrine of the Great Romances is, on the other hand, hyper-sacramental. It would be just as reasonable to declare that Ultramontaniam originated in the bosom of the Wee Kirk, but people will talk nonsense about the Templars. Then there is somebody who says that water was a symbol of purity, truth, wisdom, and salvation, and so the vessel which contained water became a symbol of these great things. It is fine; but as it happens the Graal did not contain water. There are other and still wilder theories, most of them devoid of the mere semblance of reason.

It seems likely that these attempts at explanation are so far from being satisfactory, because they attempt a task which is in the nature of things impossible. If you

are asked to explain the Graal legend you are really being asked a dozen questions, not one single question; and the attempt to reply to all these interrogatories with a single answer is bound to end in failure. And again; it is always a mistake to say that X is A when you know in your heart that you should have remarked that: "There is a good deal to be said in favour of the statement that X is A" or even "There is a bare possibility that X is A." But it seems so weak to content oneself with such timid affirmations as these after a course of long and wearisome research; and so the bolder way is followed, and the truth is obscured. I want to say at the outset that I am content to be weak; what I *know* about the Graal is very little, but I have a vision of certain probabilities, some quite strong and some rather doubtful.

It is my opinion, then, that the Legend of the Graal, as it may be collected from the various Romances, is the glorified version of early Celtic Sacramental Legends, which legends had been married to certain elements of pre-Christian myth and folk-lore. I say legends, not legend, because it seems highly improbable that the numerous and important differences between the various romances could have arisen, if there had been one recognised legend, one *Textus Receptus* of the story. And the legend as we know it is a glorified version; it was the work of an age that knew how to transmute Norman architecture into the marvellous beauty of First Pointed, or Early English. I should think that this process in architecture, which we know did take place, offers a pretty fair analogy to the transmutation of scattered Celtic legends into the splendid and glorious history of Galahad and the Sangraal. Only, unfortunately, while we can point to tangible and mighty evidence in stone of the one process; we have only very fragmentary proofs of the other.

But I think we can say for certain that at least one X is A—that the origins of the Graal are certainly Celtic. Otherwise one would have to conceive the Anglo-Norman romance-writer as "mugging up" Celtic literature, learning Welsh, wandering over Glamorganshire and Caermarthenshire in search of obscure names on tombstones, which names he would presently carefully distort into a French form, making himself acquainted with the unending genealogies of the Welsh saints and heroes. He would, for instance, have discovered with some pains the name Avalloch in early Welsh pedigrees, and then have made it into Evelake, and have smiled at the result. He would have visited St. Dogmael's, inspected the Bilingual Ogham Stone with the inscription *Sagramni maqui Cunalemi*, and have gone on his way rejoicing, conscious that "Sir Sagramour" in his forthcoming romance would be both melodious and entirely correct. I do not think that this was the way in which romances were written in the twelfth century; though a twentieth-century storyteller might well use some such methods. In the same way the "High History" has the following passage:

The history witnesseth us that in the land of King Arthur at this time there was not a single chalice. The Graal appeared at the sacrificing of the mass in five several manners that none ought not to tell, for the secret things of the sacrament ought none to tell openly but he to whom God hath given it.

The history goes on to say that the last of the forms assumed by the Graal was that of a chalice, and that from the pattern seen in the mystery King Arthur caused chalices to be made for the churches of Britain, a "brief" having been found under the corporal declaring that God's will was that in such a vessel should His body be sacrificed. Now in the "Leabar Breac" (written c. 1097, but evidently following very ancient tradition) we hear that under the rule of Columcille or Columba there was a mass chalice in every church. It would be difficult to determine the exact force of these allusions to some very early Celtic peculiarity in the celebration of the Sacrifice; the point seems to me an extremely interesting one, and I venture to hope that some Celtic expert will enlighten me in the pages of

the ACADEMY. But I cannot imagine anything more profoundly uninteresting than an attempt to show that there is no connection between the passage in the "High History" and the passage in the "Leabar Breac." Again, it is known, I suppose, even to those who know but very little of Celtic things, that every saint of Britain and Scotland and Ireland had his holy bell—many examples of these bells still remain in wonderful preservation, some of them still retaining the reputation of miraculous powers—and in the chapter of the "High History" which has been cited the holy bell is almost of as much importance as the Graal itself. It was one of those that had been cast by King Solomon, one for God, one for Our Lady, and one for the honour of the saints. King Arthur thought that he had heard this bell ringing all the way of his journey from Cardoill to the Graal Castle, and he commanded that bells should be made after the pattern of it. It is distinctly *not* conceivable that such details as these should be inserted to give an archaic and Celtic atmosphere to a twelfth-century tale; we are forced to conclude that the French or Anglo-French Romance writers were working on old Celtic materials; the people who say that the Normans made up the whole story out of their heads are clearly out of court.

So far good: but now comes the difficulty: what did these Celtic materials amount to? Here knowledge ceases, and opinions, more or less probable, begin. But in the first place it would be well to be clear on one point: Percival was *not* the original Graal knight; though the first book (now existent) which utters the great word Graal is the *Conte del Graal* of Chrestien de Troyes, of which Percival is the hero. It seems certain that Percival was not the hero of the old Legend, because the "Peredur" of the Mabinogion, a late form of the Legend from which Chrestien doubtless derived his "Conte," has no mention of the Graal at all: and such is the case with the English metrical legends of Percival. Peredur (or Percival) is, as Mr. Nutt has pointed out, an Exile, Return, and Vengeance story, doubtless pre-Christian. Chrestien was engaged in turning the tale into French verse, hears some vague rumours of the Graal Legend, and mentions the Graal, so vaguely that it seems doubtful whether he knew what a Graal was. Wolfram von Eschenbach, who followed Chrestien, says, truly enough, that he had not got the right story; the appearance of the Graal is a mere dubious incident introduced without much reason into the tale of Percival. One can see, perhaps, what made Chrestien think of it; in the Mabinogion mention is made of a salver in which a man's head swims in blood—it was the head of Peredur's cousin slain by the sorceresses of Gloucester—it was the reminder to Peredur that he must execute vengeance on these sorceresses. But a dish full of blood might well remind Chrestien of another strange story that he had heard of a miraculous vessel; and so he, tentatively, introduces the Graal into his romance, into a tale of a quite distinct origin and meaning. Chrestien then, does not count: but he coupled the name of Percival with the Graal Legend, and so we find later writers, such as the authors of the "High History" and the "Parzival" adopting Percival as the Graal hero.

It is undoubtedly futile to make the story of the Sangraal a purely pagan legend, into which Christian Symbolism intruded at a late period. It is futile—to take one reason out of many—because the story of the Sangraal is essentially and chiefly a high, mystic, sacramental, and Christian legend—take away its Christianity and it is merely a queer bit of folk-lore. The Gargantua has, of course, folk-lore elements or traces, perhaps in the proportion of .0001 to the thousand, but the book does not owe its value or its interest to the old farmhouse tales about a giant. It is pretty much the same case with the Graal histories. There are, undoubtedly, pre-Christian elements in the mythos; the "feeding properties" of the Blessed Vessel are, perhaps, the most distinct of these, and carry one back to the Bardic Cauldrons, to the *muys* of Gwyddno Garanhir, who, it may be noted, derived his

revenue from a salmon-weir, and may have thus counted for something in the invention of the title "Rich Fisherman." These were miraculous feeding-vessels—illustrations of a conception which is perhaps worldwide, which is certainly not peculiar to Celtdom, since there is a mill which will give a perpetual supply of flour in the Kalevala. And one sees that these cauldrons of eternal refection could well be married to the instrument of the *dulcissimi convivii*, for there are numerous authorities which might be cited in favour of the belief that the Eucharist feeds not only the soul but the body. And on the other hand, the pagan cauldron was not wholly physical: it would not "cook the food of a coward." We can see, I think, without much difficulty that the Cauldron of Ceridwen might well be fused with the Chalice of the Eucharist; and we may allow that certain properties of the Sangraal were suggested by the basket of Gwyddno Garanhir, the horn of Bran Galed, the cauldron at Tynog, the pan and platter of Padarn Beisrudd and other such food-and-drink-multiplying rarities of the isle of Britain.

And there is another point in which pre-Christian legend may have had an influence; that is the "quest motive." Arthur ventured into the depths of the underworld in search of magic treasures, and here I think we have the origin of the search for the Graal, which I do not believe formed part of the sacramental legend in its earliest form. This was a legend of vanishing and of loss, not of finding; the two motives have been combined with wonderful skill in the "Queste," where Galahad achieves the Graal, discovers the holy and thaumaturgic object after many perils; and yet in the end Galahad dies and the Graal is borne up to heaven. And I really think that when we have admitted these "traces" we have given all the credit that can justly be given to the "pagan" elements in the story. And even in the matter of the "quest" idea, which is decidedly most important; I am not sure that we have a purely pre-Christian motive. The wanderings of the Celtic monks may count for a good deal; it is wonderful to think that the typical adventure of the mediæval knight-errant—the leaping into a boat without oars or sails, trusting utterly to the deep and the design of God, was, one might almost say, part of the ordinary routine of the average Celtic monk. Even as late as the reign of King Alfred such a boat, with three monks in it, drifted on to the coast of Cornwall from some "cell" on the shores of Ireland, and when the Northmen came to Iceland they found there a population of such adventurers. Celtic "monk-errantry" is a strange matter; one does not know how far these voyages were the expression of a wild missionary zeal, how far they were due to the desire for a greater solitude than might be had in the cell, for the "desart in ocean" that St. Columba's monk tried to discover, or how far they were really voyages to the semi-pagan, semi-Christian paradise, deep Avalon of the apple-blossoms far beyond the waves, the Glassy Isle where, some say, Merlin is hidden, having with him the Thirteen Rarities of Britain. In these voyages, undoubtedly, we have the origins of all that is most poetic and most romantic in the romances of chivalry; and the journeys of the Celtic monks may well have had some share in the Quests of the Knights of the Graal.

There is another possible element which must be examined and estimated for. Though Dr. Sebastian Evans is undoubtedly wrong in his main thesis, I should like to think that there is "something" in another theory of his; and here again experts in history would do great service to letters if they would let readers of the ACADEMY share their enlightenment. Dr. Evans, then, holds the view that Geoffrey of Monmouth's curious book was "written to order," written to further certain ambitions of the House of Anjou, which dreamed of a British Empire and a British Church—the latter independent of the Roman Curia. Geoffrey wrote of the glories of the British kings, and these glories, according to Dr. Evans, were to be "taken over" by the Normans, as the legiti-

mate successors of King Arthur. One wonders whether this were so; if so it would explain certain things which are at present hard to understand; it would explain, for example, how men dared to set up Josephes, an imaginary son of St. Joseph of Arimathea, as a rival to St. Peter—as infinitely superior to St. Peter. Christ himself, according to one of the Romances, makes Josephes bishop, styling him the Moses of the New Covenant. Was Josephes intended to be the legendary founder of a British Christianity, not merely independent of, but infinitely more exalted than the Christianity of St. Peter and his successors the Popes? This is a question on which more light is needed; but if it were established it would certainly do something to explain the odd air of contemporary illusion which some of the Romances certainly possess.

I hope that in next week's ACADEMY I shall be able to present the very curious evidence as to the sacramental origins from which the great legend derives most of its virtue. So far as I know the evidence in question has never been taken into account by the students of the subject.

ARTHUR MACHEN.

SILLY SEASONING

My observations are requested at a significant moment; I am invited to address a special public: it is the silly season. Is it the wise who desert their wisdom for the country about this time, leaving it behind in London, like a caretaker (but with no one to take care of it), as being improbably of use in rural circles? Or is it their wisdom that goes out of town, for these two months or so, themselves remaining, behind closed shutters, for me to address? Is the silliness so appropriated to the season most obvious in the country now invaded by the town? Or is it London that looks a little foolish, because now the rustic contributor (like me) gets himself more copiously expressed? Perhaps the latter. For certainly odd braying echoes are apt now to be heard among those columns that are held commonly to support the very temple of wisdom.

However it be, let me ask no more questions which, like all questions worth asking, are sure to have no answers. Besides, it occurs to me that the silly season must mean that in which there is no "Parliamentary intelligence." Could anything be plainer? Unless, indeed, it were some of the parliamentarians themselves. They are mostly so, and even the exceptions are scarcely handsome enough to prove my rule. This lamentable fact is not an idiosyncrasy. To tell the truth people, as a class, are plain. I am a person myself. Miss Pole could only say of men, "My father was a man, and I know the sex pretty well." Thus, though qualified to speak with peculiar authority, she could not speak in the first person. I can. And most of my family are people, too, and this liberty of plainness is pushed by some of them to a point that approaches licence. Nor is this tendency confined to the Ayscoughs. Look at other families; or look at their photographs if you shrink from direct inspection. Look at almost any class of men. Take clergymen, for instance. And what class is more numerous, unless, perhaps, it be the laity? One hears—in fiction—of good-looking curates, but who ever saw a handsome rector? A beautiful bishop would be indecorous, and a lovely archbishop—the idea is profane. As for the laity—why, take sailors. Post-captains who aspire to flag-rank are all monstrously plain, though as midshipmen they may have been pretty, and as admirals they sometimes become fortuitously picturesque again. As for doctors, who would trust his life in the hands of one that was not much plainer than most print? Judges, I admit, are often fine-looking, but then how few judges there are. Other lawyers are mostly all on my side, though, with legal subtlety, they may affect to deny it or disguise it. Nor is

this bad habit of plainness confined to the learned professions. Look at schoolmasters. Recall the dons you have known. Attend a meeting of some hebdomadal board. But it is as a class that men are plain most strikingly. Plainness, I suspect, is what old-fashioned grammars called a noun of multitude—not so much an individual possession as a result of successful combination. Look at any crowd: high, or what may no longer be called low. For, certainly, plainness is not one of the haughty monopolies of lofty rank; draymen, costermongers, the unemployed, even, are by no means universally well-favoured. Look, I say, at any crowd, and you will see for yourself how unnecessarily ugly it is. The bigger the crowd the uglier it will be, just as the ocean is bluer than a puddle, and one drop of water is not appreciably blue at all. Simply because a multitude is a broader pronouncement of mankind than any single man. It is not enough to say that your adult compatriots are generally plain merely because they are English. Look at Americans! Look at the Dutch; look at elderly Frenchmen, or Spaniards; look at—well, no, why should you? It is asking too much.

The above remarks refer, of course, only to what Jael the wife of Heber the Kenite, or Judith, who was not, I think, the wife of Holofernes, or the late Mrs. Joseph Gargery would have called the gentler sex. Women, it has always been known, are invariably beautiful. They are all fair, like the Queen of Sheba. They are the fair sex. They do not deny it. Ask your laundress; ask your bed-maker if you dwell in chambers; ask a charwoman. Why, on the other hand, are grown-up men so generally plain? They are not born so exactly. Babies are the least pretty, perhaps, of all very young animals, but children are as pretty as elderly lambs and much prettier than long-legged colts. And the older children grow, so long as they are children at all, the more attractive they often are. A crowd of boys is generally pleasant enough to look at: of a crowd of girls we need not speak, as girls do not have to grow up ugly. Why should boys? Except Greek boys, who never did grow up at all, but died in all the charm of youth at three or four score. Because beauty is not mainly of the features but of the expression, and what adult faces, in modern life at all events, have learned to express is the reverse of beautiful. It is Nature's reprisal. Our faces are looking-glasses reflecting from behind as well as from the front, and the grown-up modern records in his own despite his schemes and strivings, his ambitions and his envies, his calculations and his objects, his sordid anxieties and his squalid success. A hustling world can reflect from in front no joy or dignity of calm, no light of noble faith, no beauty of unhurried admiration. Who can be admirable that sees nothing to admire? How can ignoble wants breed noble looks, or greedy thoughts write generous lines on a surface over-blurred? Beauty is not utilitarian and flies before the pioneer of material advance. It is time she should. Why should she linger to see her virgin shades defiled and trampled, her feathered forests changed to measured timber? What place is left for her? Beauty and adult "push" are not contemporaries. Her youth is immortal, but he thinks it obsolete: and his thought is figured in his coarsened features and staled expression. Till beauty has a market value he cannot recognise it, and then he prices it, and values it by its position on his scale. It is mostly manufactured or copied beauty that he buys, and that chiefly with an *arrière pensée* of selling it again. What commercial connoisseur has ever bought a lake except to drain it, or chartered for an alp unless he projected a "funicular" to the summit, with restaurants at the principal points of view.

If men look vulgar it is generally because they are vulgar: if modern aims are "common" modern men will have common faces. Be pushful and your nose will obtrude on society pushfully, and your eyes will goggle out in search of some fresh ground unoccupied. Loose lips are not an accident nor always an inheritance: and when an heirloom they can be alienated. In some

families, to judge by their portraits, beauty has been hereditary: so has nobility. But nobility can be achieved—I do not mean acquired, that is titular nobility "granted" by a monarch or his minister.

I have seen plain-featured people whom none but the stupid would fail to see were beautiful; living with noble thoughts and purposes, and fair ideals, and exquisite imagining has done it for them. "See what I can do," said God, and they have let Him do it. Nor is it age that steals away beauty: time may be a thief, but he is not a burglar. He takes only what we can no longer use. It is we ourselves who fling away the things we need but do not want. Who has not seen old people with an exquisite loveliness that may have been no birth-right? Time himself, their honest outlaw, has given it them. Each happy or patient year had written it for them, each dear joy, each noble sorrow.

And women? Will their beauty last when they shall have made themselves as men? What is your suffragette doing for the beauty of her sex? Or the female athlete, and the female County Councillor? These are high questions. Too high, no doubt, for notes of such interrogation as my silly seasoning. Not we but Time will answer them, and for the result be called thief again, perhaps. The dog who wants the shadow must needs be allowed to drop his solid bone. That, he says, is his affair. But I cannot help admiring the response of a little girl I know, who was bombarded with questions as to her destiny, as self-proposed, by other girls more modern-minded than her simple self.

"I," said one, "am going to be a doctor."

"And I," declared another, "am going to be a missionary." With some prospective chuckling as to cannibals of weak digestion.

"And I," proclaimed a third, "am determined to be a Member of Parliament." Smiling, with thoughts of question time, and awful hecklings of Home Secretaries or the like.

"I," said the fourth angle of this severe parallelogram, "think it would be more amusing to be Lord Chancellor: and wear my own hair. And what will you be?"

"Well," my cousin admitted, in her soft Irish voice, that only gently suggested a brogue, "I don't expect I shall be anything. I shall be just a lady."

JOHN AYSBOUGH.

A FALSE PROPHET

BAD poets are like false prophets, that is to say, if they receive enough recognition to be regarded as prophets. A poet or a prophet who has no audience at all may be as bad or as false as he likes and remain quite harmless. This is to explain why it becomes at all necessary to speak of a book of verse ("Moods and Memories," by Mr. R. Henderson Bland; Greening and Co.). Mr. Bland's little volume is prefaced by a collection of "press opinions," in which we read that the *Times* thinks very highly of him, and that this opinion is shared more or less by eighteen other papers, which include, I am sorry to say, the *ACADEMY* and the *Sporting Times*, sometimes called the Pink 'Un, which remarks that "one has only to scan a few pages of this dainty little collection to see that the writer is head and shoulders above the ordinary producer of verse," and more to the same effect. These opinions refer to a previous volume of verse, but it is pretty certain that the author of "Moods and Memories" can never have written anything that was not thoroughly bad and pretentious and feeble and undistinguished and altogether unfit for publication. I would not wish that last phrase to be misunderstood, I mean poetically unfit for publication, not morally. Not that Mr. Bland's poems are moral either, I can quite imagine that some people might consider them immoral:

Thy beauty is a thing that stabs and burns.
Thy mouth so sweet that bitterness grows there,
For thy kiss smites the sense until it yearns;
And, oh, thy hair, the fragrance of thy hair!
Ah, that is crueller than all things cruel
That have for guerdon love, and sighs of fuel,
For I should stir though dead if on my face it fell.

That sort of thing evidently belongs to the "Fleshly school of poetry," and as it is a generally accepted theory that any attempt to deal with sexual passions in literature is immoral it would seem to follow that it is immoral. Of course it is not necessarily immoral at all. Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads, First Series," which remain the finest things that he has ever done, are full of poems which are at once more passionate and more provocative, more true and more sense-awakening, yet no one but a fool would say that the "Poems and Ballads" are immoral. A great many fools did say so and, no doubt, still think so, though their opportunities for saying it are now limited. Reluctantly they have to admit that Mr. Swinburne has passed beyond the realm in which it is permissible, or even possible, for the nonconformist conscience to gird at him. What, then, is the difference? It is simply the difference between artistic accomplishment and pretentious incompetence. The difference between the great artist who makes a great statue or a great picture of, say, "Leda and the Swan," or some other frankly indecent subject, and the schoolboy who makes a drawing in chalk on the wall. A poet not only has the right to make use of any subject-matter whatever for his art, he has the obligation to do it. If he conceives of the ravishing of a nymph by a satyr in a beautiful manner he is bound to express it, and to translate his vision of beauty into words. The result is inevitably Beauty, and Beauty has the absolute right to exist. To prevent its manifestation in any form or shape whatever is to commit an unpardonable sin. On the other hand to aim at Beauty and to succeed only in producing ugliness or undistinguished triviality is also an unpardonable sin, and though it is really no worse because incidentally it produces the effect of immorality upon those who are psychologically unable to separate Art and Life, it appears to be worse and it provides weapons for the enemy. Therefore Mr. Bland is to be altogether condemned. He is not only a bad poet, but the subject-matter of most of his poetry is what the vulgar mind conceives as bad. If he had been content to write bad poetry about trees and brooks, or if he had merely written bad hymns he would not have been any less bad a poet, but in that case he would probably not have attracted the attention of the *Times* (either the sporting or the other variety) and of those other papers who have elevated him into the position of a false prophet. It would then have been expedient to say nothing about his "poetry" or to dismiss it in two lines of benevolent platitudes; as it is it not only becomes necessary to say that it is bad and silly and feeble but it becomes necessary to prove it. To do this one need only quote the octave of a sonnet on "The Massacre in St. Petersburg, Sunday, January 22, 1905":

Triumphant Tyranny that loves to tread
Upon the necks of helpless men, wishing them slaves,
Has now his hour and smiles despite the graves
He walks among—despite the salt tears shed.
But justice soon will lift her lonely head
And Tyranny, whose very touch depraves,
Shall lose his courage that so oft outbraves,
And shrink as must a thing with blood all red.

Any one who writes a sonnet the second line of which is two syllables longer than the first proclaims to the world that he knows nothing about writing poetry, and saves the conscientious critic from the necessity of proving it by any more elaborate means (though that were easy enough to do). Referring to Mr. Bland's former volume, the *ACADEMY* said, according to the "press opinions" before referred to: "Mr. Bland has very tolerable accomplishment of form." Well, the *ACADEMY* has changed its mind.

A. D.

FOLK-SONGS FROM SOMERSET

THE third series of "Folk-Songs from Somerset, gathered and edited by Cecil J. Sharp and Charles L. Mason," has recently appeared. The volume contains twenty-five

songs with pianoforte accompaniment, an introduction, and notes, and brings the number already published to seventy-nine. These have all been collected in a county which has not enjoyed, like Devon and Cornwall, an especial reputation for song. Moreover they form but a small portion of the accumulated treasures of these indefatigable collectors. There are more to come, for which we shall be grateful. "I love a ballad in print a-life; for then we are sure they are true."

The fact is, in the old world that has just passed away, song was everywhere. It entered into every incident of rural life to an extent quite inconceivable to the present generation of country-folk. It was in the field, at the alehouse, and by the fireside. The waggoner sang on his load, and the milkers carolled in turn to the humming of the milk against their pails. All writers of old village-life, who knew what they were writing about, have given unconscious testimony to this. Thus Barnes, when he insists that Miller White, the unexpected visitor, shall stay the night:

Zo take you zeat avore the vire,
An' zip a cup o' home-brewed ale,
An' zing your zong an' tell your tale,
While I do bait the vire wi' logs.

The social enjoyment of song was an inducement only second to the comfort of the ale. It was in the most natural way in the world that Tony Lumpkin knocked himself down for a song. And Isaac Walton, most excellent but wily man, meets a milkmaid in the pasture and barter a filthy chub which he had just been abusing for a most excellent song. But this is all gone. The social life of the country has undergone a reconstruction, which indeed is not yet complete. Just as the invention of gunpowder blew an old order of things to the winds, so the introduction of machinery and rapid locomotion have brought in a new epoch. The crumbling of the old and formation of the new in social matters are as inevitable as geological change. The world advances, and we must believe that things go for the best. Yet now that the inane compositions of the music-hall are to be heard in the most remote hamlet, one may justly lament the good old song.

Strictly speaking, not all songs of great antiquity can be properly classed as folk-songs. The folk-song owns no one creator but was evolved of the people. It perhaps sprang out of a need, had its use, and grew, as in the case of a primitive rite accompanied by song and dance. It was handed down by tradition and learnt from word of mouth. In its earliest form it probably lingers only in the singing-games still to be heard in the village street, in which children unconsciously prattle something of the ritual of primitive ceremonies—of sacrifice, of marriage, of oblation to the spirit of the well or sacred tree, and of the funeral—with a reminiscence of sacred dance. The song of bringing in the May, the rhymes sung in the harvest-field when reaping was finished, and beside the waggon when bringing home the corn-maiden or queen of the harvest belonged to this class.

Such songs also as "The Twelve Days of Christmas"—

On the twelfth day of Christmas my true Love sent to me

Twelve bells a-ringing,
Eleven bulls a-beating,
Ten asses racing,
Nine ladies dancing,
Eight boys a-singing,
Seven swans a-swimming,
Six geese a-laying,
Five golden rings,
Four colley birds,
Three French hens,
Two turtle doves,
And the part of the mistletoe bough—

seem to carry an assurance of having been home-made, and none the less so because the meaning has to a very large extent evaporated. But when we come to the

longer semi-historical ballad, one sometimes begins to suspect that it was not altogether of the folk but owed something to the professed minstrel. Yet such ballads as Lord Bateman, Lord Rendal and Little Sir Hugh are to be found in some form in every European country. They can scarcely have come from one source. Under like social conditions the same accident has befallen or the same story was invented. All ballads of this class are already familiar. They have been beloved of the peasantry in every country although there are many versions. And very quaint corruptions have sometimes crept in. When Mr. Cecil Sharp took down the tune of "Little Sir Hugh," the good old Somerset soul sang to him:

Do rain, do rain, American corn.

She said her mother always sang it so. It is, however, an amusing substitution for "In Merry Lincoln."

There is still another class of ballad, forgotten elsewhere, but lingering in the memories of a few ancient rural singers. It is after a fashion truly historical, as in the instance of "Admiral Benbow," and the date can be accurately fixed. This variety was frequently written to be sung to a melody already popular. Therefore it often took the manner of and indulged in repetitions such as occurred in the older verses, which, by reason of its topical interest, it quickly displaced. Where this has happened the tune is often of a noble antiquity. Of course we have hitherto possessed the ballads and the curious knew where to find them. The ancient tunes, many of them in the old Greek modes, are the treasures that are being saved.

The home of these folk-songs for centuries was the farmhouse kitchen with its wood-fire on the open hearth. They have now, as it were, been given in strange wedlock to a pianoforte accompaniment. This will doubtless both recommend them and add to their utility, because the work has been carefully done with taste and simplicity. The accompaniments are nowhere marred by pretension or affectation, but are sometimes slight enough to carry one's thoughts away to the harp of the minstrel. These quaint and graceful melodies are like village maidens about to be ushered into the drawing-room. At the end of his introduction Mr. Mason gives some advice as to the treatment they should receive amongst strangers. He says:

Folk-song loses much of its effect if it is not rendered with the utmost simplicity and directness and with close attention to time and rhythm. It carries its passion in itself, and consequently it is merely marred by having the individual *ego* superimposed upon it. For this very reason also the Folk-song requires to be intimately and accurately known, before it can be rendered effectively. But then it is worth the pains which it demands.

The warning is most timely and the assurance may be relied upon.

"ARRAS" AND "ARTESIAN WELLS"

THE word *arras*, as the name of a rich tapestry fabric, is familiar to most of us because it occurs thrice in the tragedy of Hamlet. It was through hiding behind the arras that Polonius met his death.

The word does not, at first sight, seem to have any obvious connection with an *artesian* well; yet these words are, of course, closely related, as any dictionary will explain. The word *artesian* is derived from the name of an old province in France formerly called *Arteis*, or in later French *Artois*. The Old French *Arteis* answers to a Latin form *Atrebatensem*, accusative of *Atrebatensis*, an adjectival form related to the people or tribe whom Cæsar calls the *Atrebates*. The town of Arras, situate in the modern department of the Pas de Calais, was once the capital of this tribe; and the name Arras is merely the French form of a Latin *Atrabates*, a variant and less correct form of the aforesaid *Atrebates*.

The chief interest of this tribal name resides in the fact that it is certainly of Celtic origin; for the tendency of modern methods has been to diminish, to a very large extent, the number of English words of this class. Numerous words and names which the writers of the eighteenth century fondly imagined to be Celtic, on no solid grounds, have been restored in more recent times to native English or Norman sources.

But the *Atrebates* were a tribe of Belgic Gaul, whose language did not very greatly differ from Kymric or modern Welsh; and Dr. Whitley Stokes, at page 10 of his contribution to Fick's *Indogermanic Dictionary*, gives a good account of the name. He explains *Atrebates* as "possessors" or occupiers of a domain, allied to the Old Irish *aittreb*, a dwelling-place, and *aittrebaim*, I dwell, whence *atreba*, he dwells; see the forms given by Windisch. Modern Welsh has *athref*, a domain, a mansion; and *athrefig*, domestic. Moreover, these are compound words, which are easily recognised as being compounded of the Old Irish prefix *ad-*, Welsh *add-*, equivalent to the common Latin preposition *ad-*, and the Old Irish *trebad*, a dwelling-place, Welsh *trejad*, a domicile, dwelling. And these latter forms are, of course, derivatives from the Old Welsh *treb*, modern *tref*, a homestead or hamlet, Cornish *trev*, a homestead, a town, familiar to many of us in its abbreviated form *trē*, as in Tregellas, Trelawny, and the rest.

By Tre, Pol, and Pen,
Ye shall know the Cornish men,

says an ancient proverb. It is interesting to note, further, that modern authorities, such as Brugmann, Uhlenbeck, and Whitley Stokes, look upon the Welsh *tref* as being certainly cognate with the English *thorp*, a village, and the German *dorf*. It follows that the *Atrebates* were named from a preposition which appears in English in the form *at*, and form a substantive which in English appears as *thorp*. The same is true both of *arras* and *artesian*.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

FICTION

The "Widda-Man," or a Rael Manxman. By T. KINGSTON CLARKE. (Constable, 6s.)

WE are inclined to think that there is a good deal more fact than fiction in this talk about Dan Gorry the Widda-man and all the rest of Mr. Kingston Clarke's "rael" Manxmen. The book is, indeed, rather a series of sketches than a novel, and the effort to sustain the interest and occasionally to awaken the reader is a little too obvious. The reader tires as the author has obviously tired; but Mr. Clarke, we should say, is a very young man and he will probably write a more finished book. That he has sympathy is well shown in his portrait of the Widda-man, but he is apt to extend it too readily, as in the case of Tom Curphey, whom he describes as "some-what lacking in that self-assurance so happily depicted" in the popular fisher-boy's song:

I'm the Pride of Port-le-Murra,
I can reap or play a furra,
I can find the gentle lug-worm in the sand,
I am up to all that's tricky,
In the sailin' of a nicky,
An' I'm toul there's not my aigual in the land;
I'm an able-bodied seaman,
An' at trawlin' I'm a demon,
But—outside the three mile limit understand;
I am up both late and early,
Catchin' congers long and curly;
An' I'm toul there's not my aigual in the land,

when in reality he was lacking in backbone, and, if we may be forgiven the phrase, rather a shifty customer altogether. The fault of the book is that Mr. Clarke does not understand his craft. He has written a novel of the

provinces, as it were, and in doing so has been hopelessly provincial. This is a fault which it is difficult to overlook. When he learns that it is essential that a novel should have some central thread around which the fabric may be woven he will achieve more success than is his portion here.

The Nut-Browne Mayd. A Riviera Mystery. By GERTRUDE WARDEN. (White, 6s.)

MISS GERTRUDE WARDEN and her sister are authors with a dreadful past. They have brought into a state of semi-being many thousands of guileless and guileful men and women, and of these they have murdered—now in a delicate now in a diabolical fashion—some hundreds. They have set the private sleuth-hound at defiance, baffled the subtlest intellect Scotland Yard could boast, and, almost under the eyes of stolid minions of the law, entered the houses of men rich beyond the dreams of avarice and retired with a goodly quantity of what we believe we should call "oof." It is time that a period were put to their career of crime and that the judge should assume the black cap and deliver sentence. Something must be done to thin out the ranks of the disciples of the stiletto and the jemmy. It were better that the meanest should face the leader's pathetic lamentation:

Would it were I had been false—not you:
I that am nothing, not you that are all

(or something of the sort), and inform against the band, than that reviewers should be led from the strait and narrow way by dreams of kudos and gold. Personally, we never take up a novel of either Miss Warden without conjuring up a vision of the author setting her puppets, newly dressed, in motion with a sardonic grin on her face. She knows how pitiful, if diverting, the poor things are; but she should remember that reviewers and novel readers are not impeccable, and do something worthy of her talents. This Riviera Mystery almost aroused in us a spirit of emulation and started us on the first chapter of "The Call of the Knife."

A Son of Helvetia. By ALINE WAKLEY. (Greening, 6s.)

THIS is a stupid book without, as far as we can see, any redeeming feature. The characters remind us of melodrama: the cruel grandmother, the imbecile heroine, the ferocious villain, and the idiotic hero being all here, posturing in uncertain limelight before canvas scenery. Now and again they repeat little bits of French and German because the hero is a son of Helvetia, and the heroine achieves a mild originality by committing bigamy, marrying first the villain and then the hero. The latter having discovered this takes the first opportunity of saving the villain's life at the expense of his own, and so the tedious business is ended. This is the sort of book that can bring honour neither to its begetter nor to its publisher; only the reviewer deserves a word of praise for having read it through to the end.

One Eventful Summer. By ETHEL GRACE TAPNER. (Long, 6s.)

THIS is a delightful story! The authoress has not only laid herself out to be sensational, but has also given free scope to a powerful and unbridled imagination. This, combined with a flow of language that is truly marvellous and a complete disregard for the rules of grammar and punctuation, makes the book a perfect mine of unconscious humour. The reader is confronted with scenes which could only have taken place in a lunatic asylum or a suburban melodrama, but the meanest episode is clothed in a wealth of imagery and described with a passion that carries him away in spite of himself. The highstrung temperaments of the various characters (all of "noble birth") oblige them to "fall inanimate" upon the ground upon the smallest provocation; there are no less than fourteen "swoons" minutely and carefully described

in the book. The heroine, a green-eyed maiden, writes "deep empyreal poems" of such surpassing beauty that those who pick them up upon the sea-shore (the scene is laid on the coast of Devon) exclaim: "A poet of the first water!" It is therefore a little disappointing to find that the following lines are counted among the finest efforts of the poetess:

For, lo! the ocean bed hath wonderful surprises:
From out the pensive waves a golden globe arises!

We should like to meet the simple-minded policeman who, when addressed by a cabman as "Andsome peeler" is so touched that "no suspicion of base flattery entered his burly breast," and it is quite a pleasant change to find a true aristocrat who reproves his sister for using the expression "old maid" saying sternly: "How can you speak so vulgarly. You know quite well you should say 'maiden lady.'" The following extract will give some idea of Miss Tapner's command of the English language: "Her daughter hastily unfolded the paper, holding it so as to hide her face, lest the foaming tidal wave of agony breaking on the cold rocks of despair down in the chaos of her soul should be reflected in her countenance." Would that we had the space to do full justice to the chapter describing the sad death of Lady Chloe Carwynne, found lifeless at Madame Tussaud's in the early hours of the morning, "her arms wound around the form of the waxen effigy" of the "beautiful model" of a murdered clergyman.

MUSIC

OPERA IN ENGLISH AS AN EDUCATIONAL FACTOR

ALTHOUGH the Covent Garden summer season of Opera in German, Italian and (up till this year) in French, helps to keep educated persons away from the baneful "musical comedy," it is of no use to those whose means are small. The autumn season of Italian Opera is also patronised only by the well-to-do, and the performances in German which take place in the Spring are similarly intended for enthusiasts to whom the price of a box, or a stall, is of little account. The result is that an enormous number of people, chiefly of the small tradesmen, clerks and shop assistants type, have to choose between the public house and the deplorable fare provided at the Gaiety and at theatres where alleged "musical comedy" forms the bill. Sometimes they desert a *matinée* performance of "The O.K. Girls" in favour of a "Boosey Ballad Concert."

The dull inanities of either form of entertainment are, unfortunately, so pronounced that it is difficult to enlarge upon them without making use of language which might shock the circumspect reader. The chief humours of *The Girl Behind the Counter*, *Amasis*, and similar atrocious pieces which enchant the mob, are performed by hirelings who, in the interests of the public, ought to be placed under restraint. While they remain at large, the sanity of the nation is seriously imperilled. The "Ballads" (this, if you please, is the description that the fatuous idiots who support the Booseys and Chappells in their highly improper campaign apply to these horrid affairs) are even more unforgivable. They assist the sale of fifth-rate ditties, and thus enable uneducated composers to buy more music manuscript paper, pens, and ink. They also put money into the pockets of vulgar male singers who ought to be commercial travellers, and, worse still, they lead astray impressionable young women and their foolish mammas.

On the other hand, Opera in English is an indispensable factor in forming the taste of the middle class. Banal though *The Bohemian Girl* and *Mariana* may be, they are at least a step in the right direction. Many a worthy

play-goer has eventually preferred *Mignon* to Vincent Wallace's cheap melodies for the masses; irrefutable evidence in support of this can be furnished. Dozens of Bayswater young-bloods declare (in their remarkable vernacular) that "The Bo-Girl's a bit off," but that "Wagner's all right." Former admirers of the *Lily of Killarney* have transferred their wandering affections to *Lohengrin*, and *The Puritan's Daughter* no longer appeals to those who are authorities on *I Pagliacci*. Of course, one still meets hordes of unenlightened people—amongst whom are curates and coal-heavers—who are not sufficiently intelligent to appreciate music which reaches the emotions "through the intellect," as A. D. has it in the ACADEMY. It is equally certain that a number of these mentally deficient oafs will never cease to deplore the demise of Balfe, and to put wreaths of immortelles on the grave of Benedict.

But as a proportion of their progeny are inclined to discard the early Victorian efforts for Donizetti, Verdi, Gounod, Flotow and Auber, so are there indications that the coming generation will tolerate only the best that the operatic stage can offer. Indeed, the season of Opera in English which the Moody-Manners Company is now giving at the Lyric Theatre clearly shows the advance which has recently been made in this direction. Ten years ago, when Mr. Charles Manners formed his company, the inhabitants of Brixton, Clapham, Notting Hill, and other popular suburban resorts, cared little for opera: they could not rise above its undesirable substitute. By degrees, however, these people saw the error of their ways, and as they became more enlightened they preferred to listen to *Carmen*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *The Daughter of the Regiment*, *Masaniello* and other easily followed works. In course of time, a demand for less well-known operas was created, and Mr. Manners (who is the soul of encouragement) offered them their choice of *Faust*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *La Favorita*, *La Gioconda*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *The Marriage of Figaro*, *The Star of the North*, and *Robert the Devil*. A little later the Wagnerian star was in the ascendant. *Tristan and Isolde*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Siegfried* became astonishingly popular, while *The Bo-Girl* and similar monstrosities were temporarily shelved. To-day when the company visits an outlying theatre, the week's entertainment is drawn from the works of Bizet, Gounod, Verdi, Leoncavallo, Wagner, Puccini, Mozart and Meyerbeer. Thus has the taste of the Moody-Manners patrons improved.

During the last few years the *impresario* has courageously persevered in his attempts to make "English Opera" a feature of musical life in London. He tried a couple of autumn seasons at Covent Garden, and a summer one at Drury Lane, and this time last year he took a London theatre for a few weeks. At the end of the first three seasons he found himself considerably out of pocket, but eventually he was repaid for his trouble. And judging from the support he is now receiving, there must be many who are anxious to add to their stock of operatic knowledge. An agreeable feature of the present season is that the *repertoire* does not contain a single opera to which exception can be taken. Performances of Nicolai's sprightly *The Merry Wives of Windsor* attract enthusiastic audiences; *I Pagliacci* is received with rapturous applause; *Lohengrin*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Faust* have also been given to appreciative persons. *Tristan and Isolde*, *Aïda*, *Madama Butterfly* and *La Bohème* are also on the list.

Though the season is a short one, it will end by having accomplished a great deal towards accustoming the people to opera—and to opera of the best kind. Mr. Manners might have tried to cram the luckless efforts of English composers down the throats of his patrons. Being wise in his generation, however, he prefers to tempt Fortune with operas which have already gained universal success.

GEORGE CECIL.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE BETTER CRITICS: EXPERTS OR ARTISTS?

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Zeal of his argument will lead any critic into lamentably indiscriminating tracts, and the hasty gathering of inconclusive witness for the stablishing of his point inevitably will land the zealot into that quagmire—barely to be skirted by the most discreet—generalisation. The enterprise of Mr. Robert Ross in his reply to Mr. Bernhard Sickert's plain statements concerning Burne-Jones has immersed him in that insecure predicament.

From isolated instances of tolerant non-comprehension on the part of some artists, of which two certainly were seasoned with the pepper of personal feelings, Mr. Ross rapidly evokes and as precipitately publishes the dogma that "no artist will ever allow for the margin of taste": hugging their own interests all artists can see no good in those of other stand-points. The meaning, by the way, of Mr. Ross (who, it is interesting to note, anticipates in Mr. Sickert's company perpetual existence, in the street) emerges from the printing not wholly clear; for instance he remarks that the views of Reynolds on Gainsborough, of Velasquez and Bernhard Sickert on Raphael and Burne-Jones, respectively, are *not* to be ascribed to notoriously contrasting opinions. May I take this as radically opposed to his intended message? In any case the upshot of his argument is the generalisation that "an artist *cannot* appreciate a point of view antagonistic to his own," that his verdict on his contemporaries is more often wholly wrong than merely suspect. That a very few may know a little of old masters he grudgingly allows, but hastens to render this sop unpalatable by assuring us that such knowledge is, in spite of their professional intimacy with painting. The fact that within his experience some artist has admired as a masterpiece what, beneath the hammer at Christie's, went for a song, proves to Mr. Ross that even as judges of past work artists are but a sorry crew: to my mind it rather touchingly exposes a certain childlike confidence in the artistic perception of the auction-room.

The fact, however, seems to be that in museums and in Fleet Street only can your ideal art critic come to birth; that the Tate Gallery and the *Daily Mail* are the true hot-beds of perspective criticism; and Messrs. Roger Fry, Holmes, and Pennell are lucky in that their official capacities sufficiently outweigh their art in Mr. Ross's mind, thus permitting their inclusion in his list of critics.

But if we pick up this question of useful and perceptive criticism (not the usual unsubstantial tags of conventional phrase which furnish the average columns in the press) and face it squarely I think this view of Mr. Ross will appear substantially unsound, for, after all, what are the essential points of true and serviceable judgment? It is not excessive to suppose that the prime necessity is some real knowledge of the subjects with which art deals, or, in other words, the rare faculty of *seeing acutely*. Similarly, I daresay, it were preferable that a critic of Professor Murray's translations should know something considerable of the Greek originals. The subject which engrosses all art is nature in her illimitable aspects, and to gain any insight into these nothing will serve a man but sedulous observation. Is this acquired with conspicuous certainty in a museum or the current exhibitions? Spending your years in the museums qualifying for the post of expert will serve the useful end of fitting you to give a dubious opinion on the questions of authenticity: it will help you to see the world of humanity, of colour, of light and atmosphere as effectually as would the pursuit of radiology in a laboratory. Peering from the windows of your gallery, encrusted with archaic styles and splendid classic points of view, you will but dimly see the Nature whose interpretation, at the hands of living progress, you set out to criticise. But, all the same, the column in the papers must be filled and the critic goes to the exhibitions of contemporary art, relying for his idea of nature on the strange medley of impressions he can pick up from the maze of pictures that he wanders in. The less worthy critic who has drifted from the general stream of journalism into the particular current of art notices usually has no scope for the study of his subject, and as he goes collects the miscellaneous scraps which have to pass as his criterion of art. To possess this first essential, this knowledge of the nature whose interpretation he must write about, the ideal critic would have trained his eye and mind to really see the world of character, of form and tone and colour, penetratingly as would a skilled painter. For no man save he have studiously attempted to express these subtle qualities

is in any *sure* position to publish dogmas as to colour, form and tone, because he is quite innocent of their *real* meaning. A general taste, backed by the study of past work, will do much to prepare the ground, but they cannot equip him with valid knowledge. With this training and the consequent ability to see with some perception our critic must join the lay qualities, common to all men, of a fair mind and a wide acquaintance with pictures. These are possible in all professions, and infinitely less rare and difficult of attainment than that seeing power which inevitably is peculiar to an artist. Wherefore it is that an artist who is possessed of an equitable catholicity of taste and an extensive and thoughtful intimacy with pictures is most in a position to criticise justly and with illumination. The isolated cases, cherished by Mr. Ross, of personal feelings and individual obsessions or intolerance beclouding the impartiality of celebrated artists in no way warrants his reckless assertion that artists, by reason of their profession, are incapable of broad-minded judgment. They, with their brethren in humanity, are as prone to hasty opinions, here and there, and to blind incomprehensions as on the other hand, they are capable of well-balanced wisdom and large toleration; art or science, literature or war, are not water-tight compartments in which dissimilar humanities are closed.

For these reasons, then, such a critic as Mr. Clausen is perhaps the most completely satisfying, and Mr. C. J. Holmes, because of his insight into Nature, a more penetrating judge than, say, Mr. Binyon: for these reasons the pen of a thoughtful artist will reveal in a picture far more than that of the most learned expert. For when all is said the art of painting is a visual art rather than a literary; it has to deal with the appearances of things more than their ethics; and whereas any educated and sympathetic writer can read the tale of a picture, yet unless he have the special power of real perception there he is brought up dead, and must turn back from a work of which he is but able to understand the bare half. The line of Michael Angelo, of Ingres, or John, the reticent wealth of Velasquez's colour, the clear yet atmospheric quality of Whistler's blue skies, or the soft massiveness of cumulus in a sky of Crome's by him at best are guessed at; or appreciated as completely as we divine the traits and actions of a stranger from his photograph.

Of the actual technique of painting I do not speak; for that has small interest, regrettably, for present criticism. This only I will say that, to a painter's understanding eye, in a picture there may be revealed the greatest delight; a keen zest for the beautiful workmanship, the adroit management and triumphant expression of the painter's brush and pigment; and of course to all but artists such matters are quite sealed; the unpractised connoisseur who glibly writes of them goes over ignorance on the shakiest plank.

Rather than would one lend ear for wise judgment and revealing comment on a picture to a thoughtful and large-minded artist, one on terms of friendship with many masters of many ages, than to the professional expert or journalist who has not learnt to see. That such an artist exists, free as it were to the public, and emphatically refuting Mr. Ross's sweeping generalisation those who have heard or read the Painting Discourses of Mr. Clausen must admit. Even though Mr. Ross is not quite able to understand the connection between the Art of Velasquez or Japan and Whistler yet he will recognise, I think, that Mr. Clausen does not march on identical problems shoulder to shoulder with Watteau, Brouwer, Raphael, Chardin, Rembrandt or Burne-Jones; one might even say that his point of view is very far removed from any one of theirs. But to all these and to every shade of opinion Mr. Clausen will be found to render discriminating tribute; to the antithesis of *plein air* he extends large charity, seeing the purpose and fine quality of the work. Nor must it be supposed that this artist is the only just man in the profession; private men there be, holding forth from no rostrum their grave judgments and acute comprehension of most varied and antagonistic art. Indeed one is constrained to fear that Mr. Ross has lacked the opportunity of rubbing his ideas with those of artists; or else that he has fallen in with a crabbed intolerant crew.

The ideal art critic, for whom perhaps in vain the world must sigh, is he who having attained a pitch of excellence in the practice of Art sets about a searching analysis of all the galleries in Europe; a costly business in time and treasure. Adding to his rich accumulation of knowledge a thorough study of all modern and contemporary movements he will be nearly fitted to occupy the ideal chair of criticism. While we wait for him let us be content with the best that we can find; a fair artist well educated in his Art.

C. H. COLLINS BAKER.

THE CULT OF GAELIC

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Mr. Keohler's "rejoinder" to my article is a little childish and a little vulgar and a little foolish. Also, it is by no means courteous and is not a rejoinder, since he does not controvert a single statement. He will pardon me if I point out that the person who is to annihilate "the progeny of inaccuracies and fallacies," etc., needs a mental equipment and a concentration which it seems to me that Mr. Keohler lacks. Faced by a fact, he makes an entirely irrelevant remark and, like a petulant child, puts out his tongue with a triumphant "So there now; see!" Were it not that readers of the ACADEMY who have had little opportunity to know the inner state of Ireland might be disposed to misconstrue my silence, I should not feel called upon to reply to so lamentable a waste of words and so discourteous a "rejoinder" as Mr. Keohler's. My would-be critic, before he attempts criticism in future, must learn that foolish sneers only weaken an argument, and must extend his knowledge of the subject with which he deals. All his statements are invalidated by the fact that he imagines that the things that people say in Dublin are the things that they say and think in the country districts in the south and west of Ireland. I can assure him that they are not, and that Dublin is not Ireland.

I will take Mr. Keohler's paragraphs in the order in which they occur. I do not know that the "modern enlightened Irishman" does not rant about "birthright." I do know that the modern otherwise enlightened Irishman does, and I do know that the supporters of the Gaelic League are not, for the most part, enlightened Irishmen at all, and that they do rant about "birthright" and that they do rant about "perfidious Albion." I pointed out that because a useless language is omitted from their educational curriculum in favour of one that is current all over the civilised world, Irish children are not necessarily being brought up as "aliens." And not only did the Feis programme hint that perfidious Albion had robbed Ireland of her birthright, but the statement has been made time and again from the platforms of the Gaelic League by the Gaelic League's representatives, and is being made every day by Gaelic Leaguers. It is made by Mr. Keohler himself. In my article I never suggested that it was hinted at in the programme I quoted—though it undoubtedly was—and to say that it is "a deliberate piece of invention" on my part to read the meaning into the words quoted from the "programme of the Wexford Feis" is disingenuous and a gratuitous insult. Mr. Keohler's confident assumption that the quotation was from the programme of the Wexford Feis is an altogether erroneous one. I was not "striving to awaken the smouldering fires of old animosities, that have almost completely flickered out in modern Gaelic League Ireland." I was confuting ridiculous statements, and require neither God's forgiveness nor Mr. Keohler's. If Mr. Keohler knew south and west Ireland as I know it (and I must repeat that Dublin is not Ireland), he would know that the animosities to which he refers are as much alive to-day as ever they were, and he would know, what is more, that they are continually being fanned, to my certain knowledge and to Ireland's certain knowledge, by officials of the Gaelic League!

Confiding souls who are members of the Gaelic League will tell you that the aim of the League is a united Ireland—that the language will smooth over all religious difficulties and that through it Ireland will once more assume her rightful position in the universe. But they will also tell you that so soon as the Gaelic League is supreme and the ruling of the country is in its hands, all non-Gaelic-speaking people will have short shrift; and they will tell it to you approvingly, as though it were a right and proper thing. Nobody who knows Ireland, of course, takes seriously people who talk about a "united Ireland" and "smoothing over religious difficulties" because they know that neither thing is possible: first, because of the "Prithee be silent, child," spirit of people like Mr. Keohler; and, second, because Roman Catholicism in Ireland—I speak as an impartial observer and a man of no creed—is a very different thing from Roman Catholicism in England, and Protestantism is certainly more militant.

Mr. Keohler has many sneers over the simple statement that economic necessity has been responsible for the English language supplanting the Irish. One would have thought that it was obvious to the meanest intelligence. Mr. Keohler's explanation is only possible if one supposes that through invasion Ireland has ceased to be truly Irish—which she has not. And does not Mr. Keohler know that Ireland could not stand alone for six months? Does he not know that, for Ireland, commerce represents economic necessity? Does he not know that prosperous Ireland is almost entirely Scotch Ireland?

Lastly, does Mr. Keohler imagine that if I did not know Irish literature I should have troubled the ACADEMY with my short article or that it would have been accepted? I gave that literature just as much attention as it merited, considering that my article did not profess to deal with the subject, and that it was written—as Mr. Keohler would have seen if he had troubled to understand perfectly plain English before rushing in with his repeated sneers—to protest against the teaching of Gaelic to children to whom it will be of no earthly or spiritual benefit. While they are being taught Gaelic, as I pointed out, their education—the education for which the ratepayer pays—is being neglected. It is an injustice and a disgrace.

I was not concerned with “the notable contribution made by modern Irishmen to modern English literature, whose work has been so very largely based upon and influenced by the study of Gaelic” (*sic*). Mr. Keohler appears to mean “modern Irishmen whose work has been,” etc. The fact that this contribution has been merely “notable” in the proper meaning of the word is the best answer, if answer be needed, to the question why I omitted reference to it. Celticism does not necessarily emanate from Ireland; the love of literature was never, I believe, greater in England than it is now, though no genius has arisen in this century; neither Mangan nor Ferguson was a genius or a great poet in any sense of the words; Mr. Yeats is not a poet whose work, in my opinion, has any of the qualities which make for lasting fame; and as to the “host of younger Irish poets who are to-day building up a literature in the English tongue destined to be the glory and solace of a hopelessly commercial age” (!), who are they, and what is their connection with the cult of Gaelic?

A. J. S.

TRUE LIBERALISM

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—We felicitate the Churchmen of Cornwall that the Bishop of Truro, who has written several essays on Democracy, and the Social Aspect of Christianity, is ready to give practical effect to his views. It is not without significance that the first episcopal nominee of the Government should have joined the Church Defence Committee, which, if we mistake not, has generally been associated with ecclesiastical Toryism. Nor has the Bishop hesitated in protesting strongly against the new Regulations for Church Training Colleges, while maintaining in his correspondence with Mr. Mundella in the *Times* that he is as staunch a Liberal as ever. This action ought to show that true Liberalism is as inconsistent with intolerance as religious persecution with Christian or indeed any Socialism.

Mr. Hall Caine recently remarked that the Protestantism of the Bishop-nominate of Newcastle-on-Tyne was of a sort that Nonconformists love. This equivocal praise for an Anglican Bishop may be true enough in relation to sincere religious dissent. But we shall not be at all surprised if Bishop Stratton forfeit the (interested) affection of political bigots by following the lead of his brother of Truro.

Churchmen, Liberal and Tory, Sacerdotal and Protestant, are agreed in their opposition to tyranny, equally now as in the seventeenth century.

S.

FAITH AND CONDUCT

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY

SIR,—Will you admit a short letter in answer to the reviewer of six “Good Little Books”?

It is rather a shock to find that the Bishop of London does not “understand in the smallest degree the real object of the religion which he so fervently champions.” Of another of the writers reprobated a reviewer in the ACADEMY recently said: “He has all Browning’s sublime optimism and spaciousness in dealing with great and simple facts and beliefs.” Can the Ethiopian so soon change his skin, or the leopard his spots? Then may he also turn into a Mr. Feeble Goodygoodyman “with a passion for the obvious, the moralising moral, the everlasting commonplace,” who was accustomed to exhibit “rare humour and breadth of mind.” But I wish to say a word about “another and a deeper point.” Your reviewer considers that “He died to make us good” is the “great and deadly error which is

not far from pervading all western Christendom.” May not the error find its origin in the words of Christ and be perpetuated in one of the Catholic Creeds: “Who for us men, and for our salvation came down from heaven . . . and was crucified also for us under Pontius Pilate”? If “for our salvation” does not mean “to make us good,” what does it mean? How can we “enter into the joyful law of conformity” except by becoming good? And surely it is a Catholic belief that we were made “members of Christ” before we consciously began to try to “follow the example of our Saviour.” “Faith and conduct” is the Catholic order, not “conduct and faith,” and we were made Christians in order that we might become Christian.

I am wondering also whether your reviewer considers his trite remarks about “miracle” and the Hindu fakir’s juggling trick a “philosophical rationale of the events which we commonly call miraculous.”

ONE OF THE GOODYGOODIES.

[Our Reviewer writes: I am very much obliged to your correspondent for calling my attention to a certain *lapsus* of mine. My only defence is that, owing to various circumstances, the article on “Good Little Books” was written rather hurriedly—hence the slip in question. My mistake, of course, was to allude, very baldly and crudely, I admit, to the bare possibility of a Bishop not understanding everything.]

This possibility, though it may no doubt be maintained in the schools as an abstract, daring, and speculative opinion, is, I am quite aware, not to be shouted from the housetops; as there are persons in existence capable of declaring, on encouragement, that a Dean may be a booby and an Archdeacon an ass. As it is, there are to be found individuals who whisper that there are Canons who are not in possession of the highest genius. May I correct my error and make amends by professing my belief in the infallibility of all Anglican Bishops, more especially in the Bench that drove Newman out of the English Church, most especially in the present Bishop of Bristol, who discovered the other day that the Venerable Bede and King Henry VIII. were rather like one another.

I am not quite clear about the other point. “If ‘for our salvation’ does not mean ‘to make us good’ what does it mean? How can we ‘enter into the joyful law of conformity’ except by becoming good?” Let us take a fair analogy. X, let us say, died in laying the line that enables us to reach Y; the whole object of X was to bring people in safety to Y. It seems to me, under submission, that people take a ticket to Hampstead, in order that they may get to Hampstead. The “Tube” journey may or may not be delicious; it is surely not the end, but rather the means to the end. Many people are horribly sick and uncomfortable between Dover and Calais, and the Nord is (or used to be) a rather jolting line: still one must get to Paris. I have passed by the very interesting example of an old fallacy that occurs in the first sentence. I forget my Logic Books, I am sorry to say, but the essence of the fallacy in question is the avoidance of the point at issue. I think it is called *ignoratio elenchi*. Your correspondent and I are agreed that salvation is the end—or rather your correspondent pretends to agree with me in this sentence; but I am afraid that is all his artfulness and skill in logic fence—where we differ is in our definition of the word salvation.

I say that salvation means the state of unity with Deity; your correspondent thinks that salvation means being good. But, though his learning has led him to the discovery of the Apostles’ Creed, he must not assume as proved that which has to be proved. “How can we ‘enter into the joyful law of conformity’ except by becoming good?” How can we get to the first floor except by the stairs? Therefore, I suppose, the stairs are the first floor? Your correspondent may call his state of mind, as evinced by this method of ratiocination “goodygoodyness”: I know of places—large, cheerful establishments with high walls all about them—where his mental condition would be called by quite another name. “We were made ‘members of Christ’ before we consciously began to try to ‘follow the example of our Saviour.’” A seed has a certain potency (else it is not a seed), but its end is the flower. The seed does not exist that it may die in the earth, but that it may be quickened and raised to the glory of a perfect blossom. “‘Faith and conduct’ is the Catholic order, not ‘conduct and faith.’” Is this unreservedly true? Surely there is a text in the New Testament to the effect that if a man will do the Works of the Christ, he shall know the Doctrines of the Christ? Finally, I see that your correspondent is “wondering.” I am content to leave him wondering.—ED.]

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